JOHN BULL

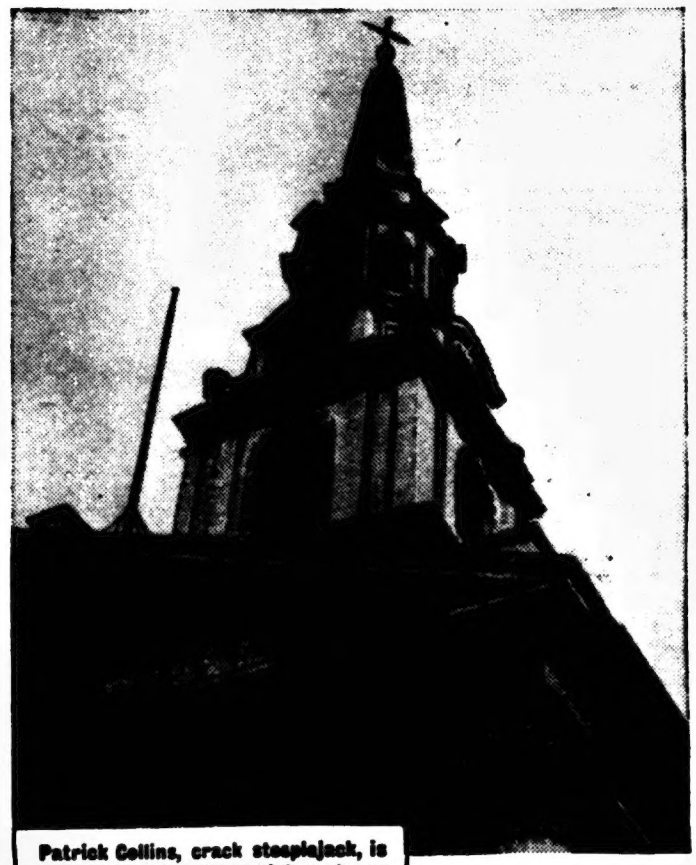
TWOPENCE

HE LIVED A WEEK WITH NELSON!

168 ft. up with only a few ropes and a small piece of wood for support.

Man who spends half his life in the sky tells you a secret that keeps him FEELING 'on top of the world'

'I'm a steeplejack by trade — and my pals call me the "human fly." Believe it or not, I've spent a week with Nelson on top of his column. If we're working at any real height it may take anything up to 20 minutes just to hoist ourselves up to where we start work. So we bring our dinner up with us. And, believe me, there's always a block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate with mine. It's as nourishing as a good pudding and tastes a lot better than most. And, apart from dinner-time. I often have a bit mid-morning to help me keep going. What's most important to fellows like us, it's no trouble to carry — Cadburys is a fine little snack that slips into your pocket.'



Patrick Collins, crack steeplejack, is as familiar with these high spots as most people are with the roads they walk on.

Miss ADELE PERRICK, typist, tells you what SHE thinks of Cadburys Milk Chocolate

'I can't get out for a mid-morning glass of milk — but I get the same nourishment by eating a block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate — and my, but it tastes good.'

Miss Perrick knows that there's a glass and a half of fresh full-cream British milk in every half-pound block of Cadburys.

THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE KEEPS YOU ON TOP OF THE WORLD

WHATEVER work you do, it uses up energy. That energy must be replaced. Whenever you feel a bit 'flat' try a snack of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. Cadburys is not only delicious, it's actually *nourishing* — one of the most concentrated energy foods you can get. A glass and a half of fresh full-cream British milk goes into every ½ lb block and a 2 oz block costs you only 2d. Slip a block into your bag or pocket to give you that little extra fillip that keeps you feeling on top of the world.

2oz 2D.

CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE

. . . feeds you on your feet

WORLD'S LARGEST TOMB IS 6,000 YEARS OLD!

Still the largest single structure in the world, the great Pyramid of Cheops was built by an Egyptian Pharaoh as his last resting-place. 100,000 slaves were employed in its construction, the most amazing engineering feat of all time.

Read how this superhuman task was accomplished in the May "Armchair Science." Don't miss: **Birth of the Earth; Pilotless Planes; World Without Germs; Power from the Sun**; etc., etc. 100 pages, 28 articles and features, 65 photographs, drawings and diagrams. On sale everywhere—get your copy to-day!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE—6D.

CROSSWORD No. 152.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON pages 36 and 37 is presented the 152nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., B.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, May 25, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly new BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 37. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the lump sum of £1,250 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in respect of the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"BULLETS" RESULT
(Continued from page 39)

10 PRIZES OF £3 EACH:

R. O. BARKER, 134, Blundell Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware.
Mighty Power—That Pale, Round-shouldered Taxpayer!

R. A. CLARKE, 6, St. Lawrence's Avenue, Luton, Beds.
In Europe's Traffic—Roar, London's "Stop!" Penetrates.

L. L. DANCEY, "Daisy Bank," Charlcombe, Bath.
If There's A War—Lonely Old Spinsters *Envied.*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. C. EVANS, 1, Stroud Gate, S. Harrow.
Call Of Adventure—Henpeck "Strangles"—Saves Neck!

Mrs. S. FREWIN, 4, Albany Road, Reading.
Upset The Bridegroom—Sweep's Brush "Kissed" Him!

G. HART, 142, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.
Admiring Crowd—Villagers—Auntie's Got Admirer!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

F. HAYCOCK, 33, Lower Road, Hednesford, Staffs.
Upset The Burglar—His "Neat Job" *Recognised.*

E. JONES, 420, Bury Road, Bolton, Lancs.
In Europe's Traffic—Law Of *Arms* Dictating.

F. MARSHALL, 179, Dickenson Road, Longsight, Manchester.
Call Of Adventure—Answer—And Soar!

F. NEWBOUND, 4, Petit Road, Moordown, Bournemouth.
Mother's Fear—"Explosion"—Her Cook's Irish!

A list of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of 2-in-1 Surprise Awards may be seen at these offices.

★ A FREE BOOKLET on SKIN TROUBLES

SEIZE This SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY NOW—Before it's too late!

Here's news! The first soluble assimilable sulphur treatment for skin diseases is announced on page 33. End your skin troubles once and for all times by getting full particulars of this new medical discovery. The full facts are described in a special booklet, a free copy of which will be sent to all readers who fill in the application form in the advertisement. Turn to this now, while you think of it!

Take

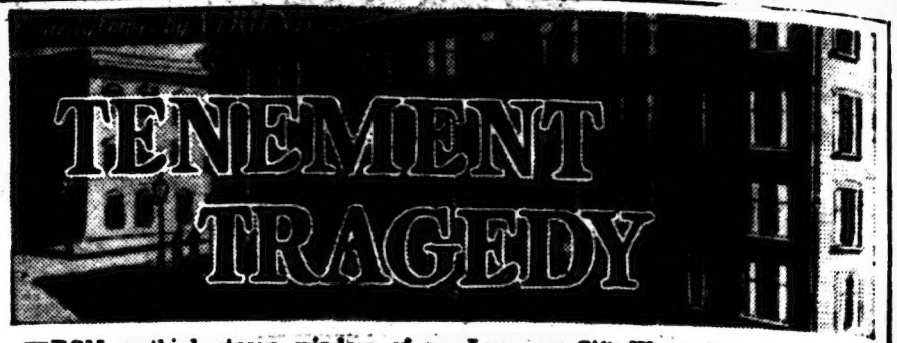
Elasto

POSITIVELY

for all

CIRCULATORY DISORDERS

Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the Coupon for Free Sample and Booklet.



FROM a third storey window of a Glasgow tenement a mother looked out to see if her son was coming home. Her husband, too, looked down the road from an adjoining window. He turned suddenly and, transfixed with horror, saw his wife hurtling to the ground 30 feet below; in her eagerness to catch sight of the boy, she had overbalanced. He rushed downstairs along with neighbours. Gently they took her back into the building and hastily summoned a doctor. But already it was too late. His wife died from her injuries before medical attention could arrive.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE

This in brief is the tragic fate that recently befell Mrs. I. Graham, of 726, Rutherglen Road, Glasgow. As Mrs. Graham was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the Benefit provided for fatal Home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

UNIQUE BENEFITS

In addition to providing numerous accident benefits, "John Bull" is *the only paper in the world* to safeguard its registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefits.

£622 18s. 9d. PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £622 18s. 9d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£313	18	9
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£187	0	0
Children's Accidents ...	£122	0	0
	£622	18	9

This week we again publish a few of the numerous letters received from readers who have benefited under our Free Family Insurance Gift. We would remind readers that these letters are typical of many received daily:—

"PROMPT SETTLEMENT"

"I wish to thank you for your cheque. I appreciate very much the manner in which you have dealt with my claim, and for the prompt settlement, and such simple methods of claiming." *A. R. F., Liverpool.*

"KINDNESS AND CIVILITY"

"I was very pleased to receive your cheque and I wish to add my thanks to all those who have already benefited by the 'JOHN BULL' Free Insurance scheme.

"I little thought when I insured with 'JOHN BULL' six years ago that I should have need one day to make a call upon it.

"Having done so, I am delighted with the response to it.

"Again thanking you for the kindness and civility shown and the prompt way in which you have dealt with our claim." *E. P., Manchester.*

"A REAL FRIEND"

"The cheque received this morning, for which I am most thankful. It will be a great help to me and I can't thank you enough. 'JOHN BULL' has proved to be a real friend. Thanking you once again." *E. B., Cowes.*

RECOMMENDATION

"I wish to thank you for the cheque I have received in settlement of my claim, also to thank you for the prompt way in which you dealt with it. I shall do my best to recommend 'JOHN BULL' to all my friends so that, if the occasion arises, they may receive the same satisfaction that I have done. Thanking you very much."
H. H., Meldreth.

If you have not yet registered for this Great Security Gift, do so NOW! Use the Forms below TO-DAY!

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

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To (Name of Newsagent).....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 6/5/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 126, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent .....

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 6/5/39.

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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British outfitting Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 126-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

WORTH 3d

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HERE'S an excellent opportunity for every "John Bull" reader to try, taste and enjoy WEETABIX—the *new* British wheat flakes cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is to write, *mentioning "John Bull,"* to Weetabix, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.6), "Weetabix Mills," Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 2½d. in stamps, and a free generous trial sample will be sent to you—FREE!

WEETABIX is good for kiddies as well as for adults. Every one will love their crisp, crunchy flavour. Write for your Free Trial Sample. Try before you buy! See page 23.

If you're looking for

FURNITURE BARGAINS

Turn to Page 4 and Send for BARGAIN LIST.

HUGE reductions are announced in Bolsom's Furnishing Offer on page 4. You can either order right away (using special coupon) or send for Bolsom's Furnishing List, full of excellent examples of the latest in furniture design at really bargain prices and on easy payment terms. Fill in and post the coupon on page 4.

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9/-

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, cart. 1/- ex., we will forward direct from our looms one of our 'Prudential' Remnants REAL SPARKLING WOVEN CARPETS Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom etc. hand-some Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 floor mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. EDDISON & SONS (G.B.), Wortley Road, Leeds

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Every pair fully guaranteed. Money back if not entirely satisfied.

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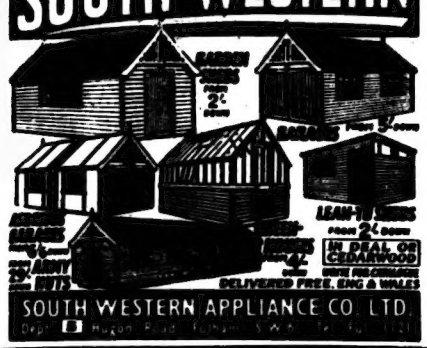

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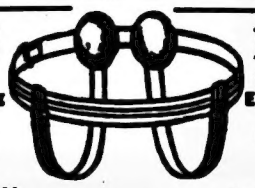

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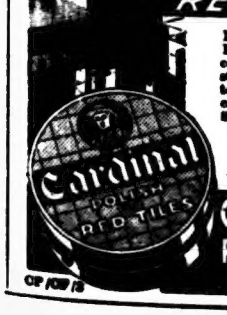

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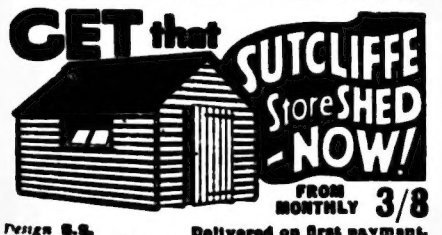

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Straight from the Shoulder

PUT HITLER TO THE TEST

SECRETS behind the News . . *Overleaf*

CAN we take Hitler at his word? This was the immediate reaction of diplomats and politicians abroad and at home.

Sphinx of Europe

After reflection, they realise that the Fuehrer must be judged not upon his words but upon his deeds.

All agree that his answer to President Roosevelt was the coolest and cleverest of his whole career.

But they cannot decide whether he was speaking with tongue-in-cheek or from his heart.

No Provocation

Certainly, despite Hitler's friendly references to Britain and his avoidance of his usual provocative language, his speech contained passages that could not fail to promote uneasiness.

Denunciations of the German-Polish Pact and the Anglo-German Naval Treaty were gestures which are now estimated at their proper value.

Peace Offer

Most important, Hitler has offered a non-aggression guarantee to thirty nations, providing he is asked to do so and provided certain conditions are fulfilled.

If this is a sincere acceptance of the principle that the time has come to halt aggressive expansion, then the Fuehrer's sincerity must be demonstrated by more than words, words and still more words!

The Next Move

Let the first steps be taken by those nations to whom he offered a non-aggression guarantee. Those of them now in the Peace *bloc* should make immediate response to his offer.

This at least would bring us a stage nearer to collective discussion.

Start Work Now!

After all, though we have suggested conferences, have we actually made him a firm offer?

Was the Prime Minister wise in telling Parliament that there was no hope of success, and therefore the time was not opportune for proposing a world conference?

Let plans for a real, businesslike conference be made. Let Hitler be assured that we are in earnest.

Will He Act Again!

For the idea of that world conference must not be abandoned.

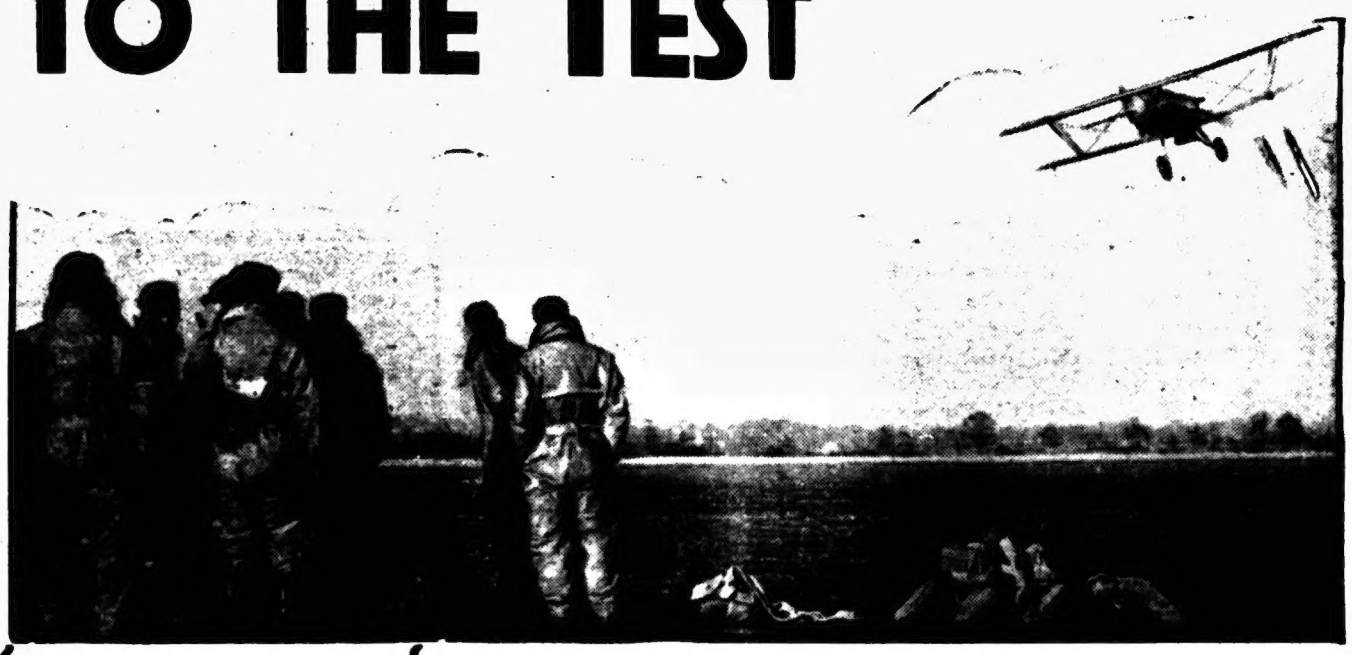
When we have seen how he responds to the small countries' overtures we shall know the prospects of wider discussion.

Who will plan that conference?

Will President Roosevelt, ignoring the Fuehrer's slights on America, try again? Or Mr. Chamberlain?

History's Verdict

If either of them want to go down in history, here is an opportunity to serve not only the countless millions who today live in dread but millions as yet unborn.



Though posters appeal for more auxiliary airmen like those you see in this picture, would-be recruits are officially told to run away and play!

Hitler's Hide-Out

By the way, Hitler doesn't merely brood and write speeches when he goes to Berchtesgaden. He spends hours in a secret laboratory there.

Making Sparks

In this hide-out men are working on an invention recently brought to the Fuehrer's notice and which he decided to have developed under his own eyes.

It's a device for using high-explosive as motor fuel.

Early Rising, Please!

After ploughing through a mass of accumulated work at the last Cabinet meeting, the Prime Minister glanced round the long mahogany table and suggested, "I think we ought to meet earlier in future." And none of his colleagues objected!

So the usual Wednesday Cabinets will start in future at 10.30 a.m. instead of the traditional 11 a.m.

Why Worry!

A young man, wanting to join the Auxiliary Air Force, was given a form to fill up. He made a mess of it and rang up the Air Ministry to see if he could get another.

The Ministry replied: "Oh, don't bother. You'll never get in. It's full."

Yet the slogan of National Defence is: "We've got to be prepared."

Salute to Rankers

The War Office, bowing to popular feeling, has wisely decided that no more commissions in the Territorials can be given to men who have not first served in the ranks.

Actually, this rule has been fairly general among London units for some time past, but will now operate throughout the country.

Our Battleships

Here are the facts to dispel rumours that the original arrangement for the King and Queen to travel to Canada in the battle-cruiser *Repulse* was unwise.

Of our other two battle cruisers, *Hood*—largest warship in the world—has practically finished a drastic re-fit and could put to sea at the shortest notice.

Now Ready

As for *Renown*, her reconstruction was planned more than two years ago and has been carried out to schedule. It is expected that she will be recommissioned for service next month.

This battle-cruiser is now much more strongly armed and protected than before, her speed augmented, and she now carries an aircraft hangar for four machines.

Consolation!

Bombers need not always get through.

Artillery experts have found that with the 3.7-in. anti-aircraft gun "at least 25 per cent. of hits will be registered at the first shot."

They add that "the performance of modern anti-aircraft guns and the accuracy of instruments are beyond question."

Secret Service Knew

It is time the House of Commons debated our Secret Service. Not because it is badly run. Not because we begrudge the half-million pounds it costs annually. But because it is being misused by the Government.

Ostriches of Westminster

British agents have warned the Cabinet before every one of Hitler's

(*Continued on page 6*)

Above the Law?

RESPONSIBLE people in the Isle of Wight have asked JOHN BULL to make known facts which affect the police system of the country in general.

Justifiably they appeal to us to press for reform, and they base their appeal on the treatment given to Mr. J. Denness, a popular member of the local police force, who, for the last five years of his service, was a sergeant at Newport.

We do not propose to test the merits of a charge which has been brought against this officer or of the measure of punishment inflicted on him.

It is sufficient to explain that, during the absence on leave of a senior officer, Sergeant Denness did not enter certain information in the reports register.

He believed that he was allowed to use discretion in such matters. The omission was purely technical and did not in any way reflect on his integrity.

Some time later he was accused of breach of discipline, ordered to revert to the rank of constable and to be transferred to another station.

This amounts, in effect, to a loss to him of not less than £1,000!

There are, however, other considerations of wider interest than the size of the penalty for committing a minor mistake in procedure.

The case brings to light the remarkable fact that a police officer in a county force is, for the purposes of punishments like these, solely at the mercy of his chief constable.

There is no tribunal by which he can be judged or to which he can appeal.

In a borough a policeman could not be dealt with in the manner of ex-Sergeant Denness. The Watch Committee would have to give its findings.

But when the position of Denness came to be investigated it was revealed that county authorities are completely powerless to ratify or repeal the decisions of a chief constable.

Most people concerned were so astonished at this that the case of Denness has been brought to the personal notice of the Home Secretary.

Sir Samuel Hoare says that he, too, is without any powers and confirms that, as the law stands, the disciplinary control of every county police force in the country is vested in its chief constable alone.

Steps are being taken to furnish the full facts of the Denness affair to every Member of Parliament in the hope that the Government will be persuaded to alter this unhappy state of things.

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS . . .

It's nov even money on a second Budget this year. Simon chose this plan to avoid making the present tax increases too savage.

* * *

Confidential official reports made to Roosevelt state, "the German people don't want war, but they want Hitler."

* * *

Peace Front countries are pooling defence supplies. Britain has asked France for rifles, and the U.S.A. for boots and oilskins. But we are helping Roumania with material for fifteen army divisions.

* * *

At last the "Death Ray"—or rather, a ray that disables petrol engines! Two recent air crashes were due to experiments with it.

In each case the pilot parachuted to safety after the ray had stopped his engine.

* * *

Revolt at the Foreign Office! Diplomats are furious at the appointment of "civilian" Lord Lothian as our new U.S. Ambassador. At least four senior diplomats coveted the post—one is "considering his position."

* * *

THE CABINET IS NOW A SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT COUNCIL. CONSCRIPTION, MINISTRY OF SUPPLY, AND TWO ITEMS OF SIMON'S BUDGET WERE ALL SNAP DECISIONS. EXPECT SOME MORE. . . .

* * *

Another development of Mr. Chamberlain's political technique is to arrange "leakages" of information, so that public opinion can be gauged before a vital announcement is actually made.

* * *

Portugal will probably be the next State to ask us for a guarantee against aggression.

* * *

Chief reason for the higher tax on cars was not to give car manufacturers more time for aircraft production but to conserve petrol.

* * *

Key Man of the Cabinet is now Hore-Belisha. It was he who forced the Prime Minister's hands on Supply and Conscription. And Lord Gort, chief of the Imperial General Staff, forced Hore-Belisha's hands!

* * *

When Sir Nevile Henderson, British Ambassador, called at the German Foreign Office before Hitler's Reichstag speech, he left a document from Mr. Chamberlain listing and protesting against every act of Nazi aggression since Austria.

* * *

Even before Conscription was announced, big banks were last week offering jobs to women who had left their employ upon marriage.

* * *

First aim of the new Bishop of London will be to sweep away the large number of brothels which flourish on Church property in London's West End.

* * *

City of London police are working on a case expected to involve three company directors on charges of alleged fraud amounting to £300,000.

* * *

Several more rent strikes are coming, owing to other councils imitating Birmingham's means test for tenants.

Continuing "Straight from the Shoulder"

Hospitals in the Dark
Push on Work Plans!
Holiday Slaveys

coups—but the information has been disregarded or disbelieved.

Albania was the latest example. Although the Prime Minister was assured that invasion was imminent, he allowed the House to rise, unperturbed and ignorant, for Easter.

What's the good of having the best Secret Service in the world if we waste it?

Spy Legions

Other nations are not so silly. Europe is now spending one hundred times more on Intelligence services than it spent before the Great War.

Espionage and counter-espionage are a vast network stretching from factory benches to exclusive political services.

Europe's Black Spot

Worst spot of all is Alsace-Lorraine, where the French are combating intensive activity by German spies and propagandists.

They have liquidated three organisations in the last fortnight.

Child Labour

Why must Britain go on providing material for the gibes of Have-Not nations?

We still allow children aged ten to work in Kenya. And though it's long been proposed to raise the minimum age to twelve, Mr. MacDonald, our Colonial Secretary, still can't say when this will be done.

Even Mr. MacDonald could hardly call it a good advertisement for democracy.

Humbug for Hospitals

Hospital authorities are incensed with the Ministry of Health. Rightly so!

Last September they were asked to submit schemes for war-time arrangements. They were promised substantial grants for reconstruction and reorganisation.

Now, seven months later, many of these vital schemes are still being "considered" by the dallying gentlemen of Whitehall.

And not a word can the voluntary hospitals get about State contributions towards the expense.

Don't-care Ministry

Many of them, dependent on charity for their existence, have borrowed from banks in order to serve the country should hostilities break out.

They are anxious to serve as fully as they can. They can't do so without funds.

But the Ministry of Health doesn't care whether they can foot the bill or not. Nor is it concerned about keeping its own promise to help them.

Muddling Along

There is a further reason for the indignation of hospital governors.

Recommendations issued piecemeal from Whitehall are sometimes contradictory.

So some hospitals are advised to make their basements safe, equip underground operating theatres, and so on.

Then they are calmly told that they may be taken over in war-time as military clearing stations!

His Duty

There is no clear-cut, comprehensive plan stating exactly what is required of them; no financial aid—only muddle and interminable delay.

It shouldn't be necessary to stress the imperative duty of perfecting arrangements for dealing with war casualties. Unfortunately, the duty seems to be but dimly realised by Mr. Walter Elliot and his officials.

Our Challenge

JOHN BULL therefore invites M.P.s to make their own enquiries and then to ask Mr. Elliot to give the nation an account of his stewardship.

No Hope

The Minister of Health has informed local authorities that many of their public works plans, amounting to nearly £1,000,000,000 for the next five years, must be held up.

Reason—labour is wanted for rearmament.

But is there not still an immense army of unemployed?

There is room both for rearming and public works, and essential improvements must not be held up because of the stupid "labour shortage" excuse.

Seaside Slaveys

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, is trying to recruit 60,000 unemployed girls from the towns for seasonal work as waitresses, chambermaids and cooks at the seaside.

We wish him luck, for the underlying idea of the scheme is a good one.

But in past years we have heard too much of the scandalous conditions under which some of these seaside girls have to work—low wages, starvation food, and overcrowded, under-furnished bedrooms.

Black-List Wanted

Employment exchange managers at the seaside towns should be made responsible for seeing that the jobs to which these girls are sent are up to standard.

Open Door

A new tax-dodging method will be opened by the higher tax on cars.

There's nothing to stop the owner of a high-powered car from taking out a hackney-carriage licence, but still using the car for private purposes.

On a 30-h.p. car the saving would be about £27 a year.

Eyes by Proxy

Welcome a new move to brighten the lives of the blind.

Volunteers will visit the sufferers' homes, read to them, take them out, and run clubs for them.

Trouble is, there's too little co-operation among the helpers. And all the kind hearts in the world can't solve the heartrending problem of the blind unless they tackle it on businesslike lines.

New to Crime

Two ex-Scotland Yard men, now private detectives, have done a clever piece of work when posing as assistants in a West End store.

They've trapped a new type of alleged cheque swindler, and his trial will be sensational.

"If You See It—"

Now to end on a cheerful note. Last Friday, "Silver Ring's" coded JOHN BULL selections tipped Galatea II, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, and Hautboy, another six-to-one winner, making a magnificent 48-to-1 double.

If you follow the noble sport, go racing with "Silver Ring."

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Vultures over WHITEHALL

Mr. Chamberlain talks vaguely of limiting arms profit. He has conscripted man-power. Now he must conscript industrial wealth. And there must be no vagueness

ALMOST daily fresh evidence of waste, muddle and blatant profiteering in rearmament reaches JOHN BULL.

One item appeared on the very day Sir John Simon rose to present his colossal Defence bill to the nation. It was the Auditor-General's report on the Air Services finances.

He mentioned, among other matters, that the affairs of the £8,000,000 shadow factories built in 1937-38 were so chaotic that in two cases *all price control had broken down.*

These factories could not, or would not, keep adequate accounting records.

"There was appreciable delay in ascertaining costs at other factories, . . ." he said. And since the working of the so-called "economy clause" rests primarily on early knowledge of those costs, even this provision has become worthless.

You do not need to have very powerful eyesight to pierce the carefully guarded phrases of the report.

"The papers furnished to me have not, however, indicated to what extent the profit element included in prices has been assessed in accordance with the principle considered by the Treasury Inter-Service Committee—namely, by reference to a fair percentage on the capital engaged. . . ."

Those are the Auditor-General's words.

A few days ago his comments appeared on the Navy accounts. He spoke about the "weakness in financial control" shown by the Admiralty, quoting specific items such as the £10,000 excessive expenditure on the R.N. barracks at Chatham.

State Watchdog

These remarks by the authority who is the watchdog of the State finances are just extra confirmation of what we all know, what we are all talking about.

Enormous profits *are* being made out of defence measures and everything connected with them. And the smoke-screen put up by the Prime Minister and the Front Bench cannot hide that fact.

Two years ago the country was told that the systems of cost control were such that in one branch of rearmament—the aircraft industry—the rate of profits was, roughly, equal to only 6 per cent. of the estimated cost per machine.

Alongside statements like that the ordinary man puts the recent company reports of firms in the industry which show, in some cases, profit increases of more than 100 per cent.

Costs Scrutiny

We are not singling out the aircraft industry. There have been the same huge increases in the iron and steel trades, the cement, woodworking and machine tool industries.

THE PLAIN TRUTH IS THIS: YOU CAN DRIVE A HORSE AND CART THROUGH ALL THE COST SYSTEMS SO FAR DEVISED TO CHECK PROFITEERING.

A dozen or more sub-contractors may have a part in the production of certain weapons. There can be little or no check on the prices some of them put in for their share of the work.

A total of 6 per cent. on the *estimated cost* of the weapon may seem a very modest profit. But if hordes of sub-contractors swell the total cost, that 6 per cent. takes on a different look.

What of the costs scrutiny of which the Government boasts?

It was revealed only recently by the Estimates Committee report that one big association in the armaments industry had refused to accept the cost system, or to give facilities for information.

It is clear enough that so far the Government has been concerned as much with profits protection as with the needs of defence. It is time we made an end of that.

Last week, when Mr. Chamberlain introduced the conscription measure, he talked vaguely of legislation to limit arms profits *in time of war.* That was a sop to public opinion, which is demanding conscription of wealth as well as of man-power.

And no more than a sop.

For the Prime Minister was at great pains not to be specific about any action which the Government may take.

It is not good enough.

There are "powers" of many kinds now which have been shown to be of little use in practice.

Land, for instance. The Air Ministry has powers to acquire by compulsion aerodrome sites if the price demanded is above a fair valuation.

But a Midlands aerodrome, bought as farmland for £8,000 seven years ago, was sold for more than £20,000. And there are many similar cases. The "compulsory purchase" powers exist, but they take too long to operate. And immediate needs carry the day.

Drastic Penalties

What is the use of "cost audits" on armament parts if the sub-contractor adopts the attitude of "take it or leave it"?

What we want is anti-profiteering legislation now, not vaguely deferred until *time of war.* And it must be more drastic than simple voluntary systems of "cost checks."

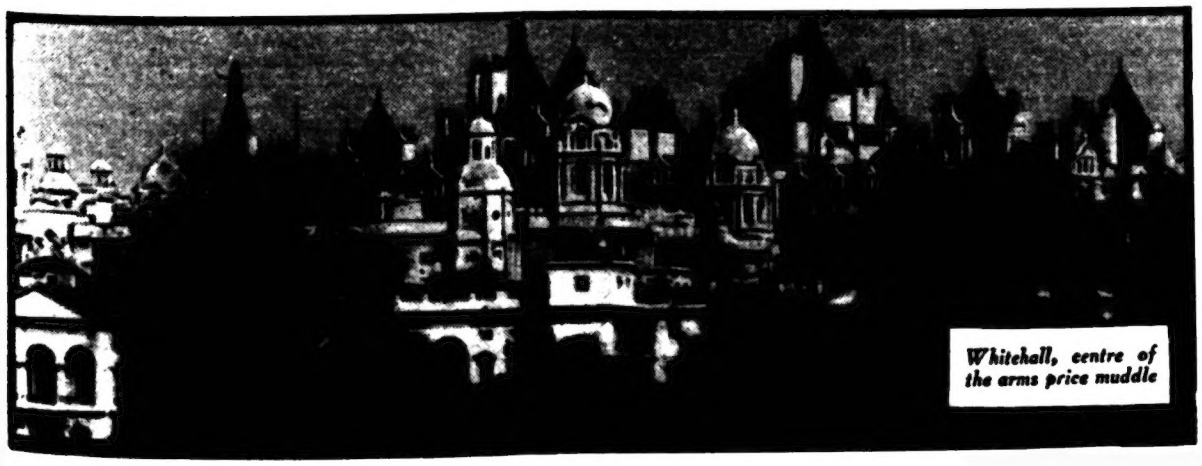
The basis must be that every firm engaged directly, or indirectly, in armament or defence work be *compelled* to furnish *full* details on all labour, material and manufacturing costs, and that *heavy penalties* be imposed on any firm concealing or evading a true disclosure.

Within the various Service departments there is already sufficient technical knowledge and organisation to assess the final cost of any article of war equipment and allow the manufacturer a fair profit.

But against the deliberate profiteer all their knowledge and present powers are useless.

In any possible legislation penal clauses are the thing. And only punishment for excessive profits will stop the armament racketeer.

Punishments must be laid down now. Nothing else will stop the sort of man who uses national crises for personal gain.



Whitehall, centre of the arms price muddle

Voice of the People

HOW about this for a National Service problem?

The Army doesn't want me because of two serious operations I had when I was a lad.

The Police War Time Reserve doesn't want me because I am too good a life for such a service and should join "something like the Army."—N. W., Ashacre Lane, Worthing.

Judging by our letters there must be thousands of such muddles.

Jittertours

We residents in France are astonished at the jitter stories British visitors are bringing from home.

Here, close to the Italian frontier, there are no jitters. People on both sides are confident there will be no war. The folk at home ought to realise that panic is the surest way to war.

It is refreshing to get JOHN BULL. You—at least—keep calm.—L. M. A. Westall, Villa St. Gerard, Antibes, France.

We have had many such reports about jittering British tourists. But remember that Britons who travel are not, in the mass, typical of the race.

Thank You, Folks!

With a large case and a babe in arms, I have just had to make a tedious journey from Darlington into Kent.

Never once did I have to touch the case, and sometimes the baby was taken from me as well. One man nursed the baby while I had refreshment in the dining car.

To the porters and passengers, so varied that they included a Jewish refugee, I want to say, "Thank you." I never realised the world was so kind.—Mrs. L. Warren, 5, Constantine Avenue, Catterick Camp, Yorks.

For Civilisation

Have just found dad's war medals.

With mixed feelings read the inscription: "The Great War for Civilisation, 1914 to 1918."—Miss M., Farm Road, Cross Gates, Leeds.

We made one bigger mistake at the time. We called it the war to end wars.

Poor Shelter

I am prompted by the extensive damage done in Kent by last week's thunderstorm to ask: Is it safe to shelter under a tree when it is one of many or if it is overshadowed by a higher tree?—H. W. K., Morden

Trees in groups are struck as often as trees on their own. Trees in forests are safer, but not safe. Those on slopes seem to be struck oftenest. One in three of trees struck by lightning is actually *lower* than a neighbour. Oak, elm, ash, poplar are the most dangerous, in that order. Best advice is: Rather get wet than shelter under any tree.

O.H.M.S.

As my part of National Service I have joined the Civil Air Guard.

I have to travel 35 miles (often three times a week) for flying training, and we buy our own uniform and flying equipment, pay for flying, club fees, and a variety of other things.

Well, I have just asked the income tax people whether that part of my salary which I spend on National Service should rate as income for tax purposes.

Their answer is that it must. And I am left with a sense of grievance as a result.—E. A. Dickenson, Hillside, Station Road, Felstead, Essex.

Not Worth It

Cinema-goers don't realise, as they mop their brows just before the ice-cream girls come round, that in most cases they are being roasted deliberately. It is a trick to get their pennies.

Remember that it's quite easy with modern ventilating systems to keep a specified temperature automatically within two degrees.—A. D., Royal Infirmary, Bolton, Lancs.

Says a cinema manager: Playing tricks with temperature would cost more than ice-cream profits that might result. Ice-cream girls usually go round at end of long pictures, when exits have been closed some time. Hence temperature might be a little higher—TO THE DETRIMENT OF CHOCOLATE SALES

Mecca of Millions

On May 12, 1739—just 200 years ago—the foundation stone of John Wesley's first chapel was laid. It is at Bristol.

My photograph shows the chapel and Wesley's statue.

It is a small, simple building, the kind of chapel you will find in hundreds throughout the kingdom.

But the eyes of the world will be on its special services next month. For the great Church of which this was the humble beginning has more than twelve million followers to-day — F. R. W., Bristol.

"Good for Us"

I am a Cambridge undergraduate aged twenty. Two thousand of the 5,000 men now at this University are my age. And the vast majority welcome the Military Training Bill.

Take no notice of the Union Society's recent vote against conscription. Take no notice of parents who dread interference with their sons' studies.

From June till October we are on vacation. We can do our training then. It will do us good. For three years undergraduates have a wonderful time; a taste of discipline will be welcomed.—G. H., Emmanuel College.

A little hard to say "Take no notice of parents," considering it costs most of them £1,000 to send a son to Cambridge.

Holiday Hint

A word of warning to holiday-makers: Many modern suitcases are made with a glossy finish which absorbs the gum from labels, so that they fall off at a touch when dry.

As a railway parcels clerk I know what this can mean to people. Why can't suitcase makers leave a particular square for gummed labels?—James A. Clark, Cornton Crescent, Bridge of Allan, Stirling.

Dare Not Claim

Eight years ago, I contracted dermatitis at my job, and because it was an industrial disease I was refused National Health Insurance pay.

The proper course, it was pointed out, was for me to accept compensation, which I did for six weeks.

As a result of that I lost my job.

Now, eight years later, I have contracted dermatitis again. Once more I am expected to claim compensation, which, in view of the heartbreaking unemployment that followed, I dare not do.

Why should working men who help to maintain hospitals and a health insurance system be dogged in this way?—S. Whalley, 22, Derg Street, Seedley, Salford.

Sugar

I live in a remote village, yet the contents of the Budget seemed to be known here five days before Sir John Simon addressed the House of Commons.

When ordering my usual 6 lb. of sugar on the Friday before Budget Day my grocer told me I could not have it because the wholesaler was holding up supplies as there was to be an increase in price under the Budget.—A. Harding, "Brookside," Elmstone, Wingham, Canterbury.

Before Budget is prepared Government scouts investigate supply and demand in various trades. Some are "blind" enquiries, but business chiefs base forecasts on intelligent guesswork. Wholesaler mentioned must have guessed—luckily this time.

Very Black Coffee

Before taxing sugar, Sir John Simon should have remembered that, when this was expensive, it was more often adulterated than anything else that goes into our cupboards. It was mixed with sand, talc, French chalk and sometimes ground rice.—A. G., London, N.W.

Coffee is the article most often adulterated, has been sold mixed with dandelion, beet, parsnip, carrot, wheat, rice, fenugreek, iris, chicory, acorns, soya bean, flour, molasses, and —by Germans in the last war—with burnt chestnuts.

STUDENT REFUSED JOB: MONS HERO PENALISED

WHY?

I have been trying to book up for a week's holiday. Everywhere I have been told that I must book from Saturday to Saturday.

But I am a tradesman who cannot get off on Saturday. That means that I and many thousands like me are expected to pay seven days' keep for a six days' stay. Why should we?—G. A. Bunning, Goldhawk Road, Shepherds Bush, W.

* * *

So the football season has ended. There will be no summer wages for many players not offered re-engagement, yet they will not be able to go elsewhere because of the price put on their heads for transfer. Why should such injustice be tolerated?—P. Kemp, 36, Mount Pleasant, Hoyle, Cornwall.

* * *

Being the son of poor parents, I had to get my qualifications by hard private study and evening classes.

Now I have been refused a job because—although the qualifications suit admirably—I didn't attend a secondary school. I wonder why?—H. Lamb, Church Street, Ripley, Derbyshire.

* * *

A Mons hero who is on the dole has a mother who lives in a nice bungalow but has to depend on public assistance. For him to live with her would mean that their finances would suffer.

In effect, a man who fought to save Britain mustn't live in the same house as his mother. Why?—H. S. R., Elsecar, Barnsley.

* * *

Behold in me one of the "exceptional cases" referred to in last week's "Voice of the People"—children who don't know how the Great War began.

I am fourteen, attend a High School, but nobody has taught me a thing about the events leading up to the war.

I learn a lot about the history of foreign lands, of course, and a lot of old history about my own country. But when I leave school I shall have to say that my studies never took me up to 1914. Why?—Master G. Smith, St. George's Terrace, Stoke, Devonport.

* * *

Why is no effort being made, in special cases, to adapt A.R.P. to people's hours of employment?

For instance, national service is impossible to the many thousands of people employed in cinemas, and these staffs would surely have to know a lot about fire drill and first-aid in time of war.—Mrs. M. E., Castlereagh, Belfast.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

Eyes of the two men on whom the eyes of the world have been fixed. Can their views be reconciled?

The Tide is on the Turn!

By A. G. Gardiner

IT was said of Cromwell that in the darkest hour "hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out of all others."

We need that constancy of spirit now.

And there is much to encourage that spirit.

We are all tempted, under the impact of events and the stress of our own moods, to swing to and fro from the extremes of pessimism to those of over-confidence.

Avoiding both these temptations, I think there is substantial ground for saying that the tide is on the turn.

It has been on the turn since the moment, the belated moment, when the fatuous policy of "appeasement" was dropped and we began to talk the only language Hitler respects.

Two major events have now set the current flowing strongly.

The bolt from Washington fell with crushing effect into the mechanism of the Axis, not merely in Berlin but still more in Rome and Tokyo.

It stopped the lightning stroke that was being hatched, and for the first time put Hitler on the defence.

MORE, it indicted him, not only before the world, but before his own people, and the measure of his discomfiture is evidenced by his desperate attempts to dodge the blow, evade the challenge and recover the offensive.

But his bluff has been called. The mask has been torn from him. We have not got him on the run, but we have got him in the open, and at the stand.

And the second stroke, falling on the eve of his Reichstag speech, has shaken him still more.

Whatever we may think about the circumstances in which conscription has come, there is no doubt of its immense psychological effect.

It has blown away, as nothing else could have done, the belief that we were still on the fence.

That belief was disastrous in two ways.

It encouraged Hitler to go full steam ahead, and it filled our possible allies with fear that we should back down once more, and that Mr. Chamberlain, shuddering between "I will" and "I will not," would exalt Sir Horace Wilson again to the post of his chief adviser.

That peril has passed. Hitler and the world alike now know that we are committed, lock, stock and barrel. There will be no more Munichs.

Observe the immediate effect of these two blows. They have shattered the Axis at one end. Japan has left Hitler in the lurch.

Bogged in China, and with the American Navy back in the Pacific, she is in no mood to engage in a general war against the democratic Powers.

She is out of the picture.

And at the other end the Axis is hardly less rocky. Great things are happening in Italy, and the double shock from America and Britain hastens them.

Mussolini is between the devil and the deep sea, and with his prestige falling and the public hatred of the unholy alliance with Germany rising, he is floundering like a stricken whale.

LET me repeat what I have said before: Keep your eye on Badoglio.

He is the King's man, the Army's man, and increasingly the people's hope.

But he is not Hitler's man.

As to the effect in Germany, Hitler's speech is sufficient witness.

IT WAS THE SPEECH OF A MAN WHO, STAGGERED BY A DIRECT CHALLENGE AND WITH HIS DESIGNS OF WORLD-WIDE CONQUEST UNMASKED, WAS REDUCED TO THE DIALECTICS OF A DEBATING SOCIETY.

If the world had not learned to its cost that his words have no relation to his acts and are simply used to put it off its guard, it might have been assumed that all our alarms were baseless, and that the story of Austria, of Czechoslovakia, of Spain and the rest was merely a nightmare fiction.

But we know the contrary. We know that words with him are only employed to conceal his aims, and that at the first sign of weakness among the now awakened nations his mad ambition of world empire will be resumed.

The lamb-like Hitler, bleating about the grievances of the past, will shed his disguise, and the wolf will spring at the appointed prey.

This is one result of the new democratic initiative. The other is no less encouraging.

THE action of Washington and London has had as marked an effect on the menaced nations as it has had upon the gangster Powers.

With the removal of all suspicion of British intentions and with the warning from America, the mobilisation of the peace front has been powerfully advanced.

While Japan has gone out of the Axis for all effective purposes, Russian aid to the Balkan *bloc* has been assured.

Poland, Rumania, Greece, Turkey have all been reinvigorated.

French disquiets have vanished, and in every one of the countries which impinge on Germany new confidence has been born.

Even Yugoslavia has not yet fallen wholly into the orbit of the dictators, and in the present trend of things there is good reason to think that Bulgaria will throw in her lot with her Balkan neighbours.

When we contrast the situation with that of only two months ago the change is little short of sensational.

THEN ALL EUROPE SEEMED IN FLIGHT BEFORE THE DICTATORS. NOW EVERY MENACED COUNTRY IS ON GUARD AGAINST THE AGGRESSOR. GERMANY HAS NOT BEEN "ENCIRCLED." SHE HAS ENCIRCLED HERSELF. THE REIGN OF VAGUE TERROR IS OVER.

But we must see that it does not return.

This means that the new policy of resistance to gangsterism must be pursued with inflexible sternness.

The bonds that unite the peace Powers must be tightened, and the defensive resources of each raised to their maximum.

There must be no surrender on any point to the argument of force.

If Germany or Italy has any grievances to redress, let her, as President Roosevelt suggests, come into the council chamber, leaving her arms outside, and negotiate in civilised terms.

When Hitler and Mussolini are prepared to do this, we will discuss anything with them.

UNTIL they are prepared to do this, we will discuss nothing with them.

We will make no terms with lawlessness.

And in the pursuit of this policy, do not let us forget the economic weapon. That weapon is in our control, and it is monstrous that we should allow the resources we command to be used to destroy civilised society.

It is for this country above all others to give the lead in this great crisis of human destiny.

It is the blindness and folly of our Government in the past half-dozen years that have made the terrific menace of the dictators possible.

NOW THAT WE HAVE AWAKENED TO THE PERIL THERE MUST BE NO HARKING BACK TO THE FATAL COURSES OF THE PAST.

We want, as the *Manchester Guardian* has well said, an end to the weariness of delayed decisions, of reluctant forced concessions, of tentative half-measures and of the regretful looking back to appeasement.

We want, in short, a Government inspired with new insight, new energy and new resolution to enforce the new policy.

It is intolerable that, while the men who have been wrong all through are still in power, the men who have been right all through, the Churchills and Edens, should be on back benches.

Five o'clock Tea

WITH a sigh of satisfaction, a South Coast housewife completed her last task of the afternoon.

Her house was as clean as a new pin.

And she was pleased when she glanced at the clock and saw she had plenty of time to prim herself up for her afternoon tea engagement at a neighbour's house.

A final pat to her hair, a last look at the fire blazing in the grate to make sure that it was safe, and she was off.

But it wasn't to be the happy interlude that two housewives hoped for. A heavy knocking came at the door to disturb the tea-time conversation. A frightened voice said: "Your house is on fire!"

And so it was. A spark from the grate had set fire to an armchair, and the flames had spread.

Time for talking became time for acting. That wife and her neighbours worked like Trojans before they extinguished the flames.

And now another friend comes into the story. "JOHN BULL has proved to me a real friend," the wife has written to us

"Now that I have your cheque, I shall be able to replace what was burnt of my home," she added.

Another reader had received proof of the wisdom of signing the coupon that qualifies for the full protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance gift.

What about you? Why not safeguard yourself and your home in the same way? The all-important coupon awaits your signature on page 2.

OPEN LETTERS . . .

Dr. TEMPLE,
Archbishop of York

YOUR GRACE,—People of all denominations and of none should welcome the statement issued by religious leaders, including yourself, which pleads for good will in international affairs, freedom of speech, and other essential liberties.

But, though whole-heartedly in support of the views you express, I must regret that it has taken the Churches so long to awaken to the perils confronting humanity.

Must they always lag behind enlightened opinion? Is it not their duty to give guidance rather than wait until the consensus of public thought forces them to follow tamely in its wake?—JOHN BULL.

Sir Norman WALKER, M.D.,
President, General Medical Council

DEAR SIR NORMAN,—Does the long "Tragedy of the Beloved Doctor" arouse no compassion in you?

Dr. T. F. Roche was a highly esteemed family practitioner when you struck him off the register in 1931 on the allegation that he had canvassed for patients.

Twice I have demanded the review of his case. Now, though he is an old man, he wants to answer the country's call by serving as a doctor in the R.A.M.C.

But still, "owing to the gravity of his offence," you refuse to allow him to resume his profession.

What a pity you do not harass those grave offenders who, because of negligence or incompetence, allow their patients to die!—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Annie Francis JENNINGS,
Lyme Grove, Liverpool

MADAM.—Respectable woman by day, female Fagin by night, you are as despicable a creature as ever entered the dock.

To your husband and neighbours you seemed a good housewife and devoted mother of five young children, yet you trained a ten-year-old boy to go housebreaking with you.

Judging by your attitude in court, I do not suppose you will regret your infamy during your year's imprisonment. I wish I could believe otherwise.—JOHN BULL.

Charles Albert SMITH,
Queen's Road, Dalston, London

SMITH.—Such louts as you are unworthy of British citizenship. A pig's head, carried on a red, white and blue flag, was one of the offensive emblems paraded through the Jewish quarter of London's East End by Fascist bullies.

Rt. Hon. Sir John ANDERSON,

DEAR SIR,—Our beef-witted local dictators are still wrecking National Defence plans like a herd of bulls in the proverbial china shop.

Many councils are forbidding workers to volunteer for any defence work—perhaps because they would be more useful in their own jobs if trouble came.

Yet, week after week, letters reach me from corporation employees who have been threatened with dismissal unless they join an A.R.P. brigade.

Of course, some of them may be of poor physique or otherwise unsuitable. But this makes no difference to the zealous Compulsion Merchants, many of whom are doing precious little themselves for safety measures.

And I include you among the blameworthy.

For just as you have failed to tell the nation as a whole what it should do in times of emergency, so you have failed to exercise adequate supervision over muddling and autocratic councils.

Will you wrench your admiring gaze from your steel shelters and start this urgent task?—JOHN BULL.

I should have jailed, not merely fined, you for obstructing a police inspector who tried to capture it.

Better still, I suggest that you and your kind should make your home in a land where racial persecution and rubber truncheons are considered proof of an enlightened civilisation.—JOHN BULL.

Sir R. DORMAN-SMITH, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—You remind me of a starving miser who won't touch his hoard for fear of a "rainy day."

I am merely irritated by your secret plans for growing more food should war break out. Since agriculture should be the basis of peace-time prosperity, put those plans into effect now!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. George HALL, M.P.,
Merthyr-Tydvil

DEAR MR. HALL,—I am glad you are championing the Territorial soldier who lost a leg at manœuvres and has been awarded a paltry 16s. a week pension.

It is indefensible that Territorials should be treated as far inferior to Regulars by the pension code; nor is it an aid to recruiting.

But the case of this unlucky man should not be the only subject of inquiry. The whole pensions system needs drastic and sympathetic overhaul.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Alexander MAXWELL,
Home Office

DEAR SIR,—Your factory inspectors should keep an eye on arms factories.

One great firm, I understand, is employing young girls on regular night work till very late hours, with a shilling for tea allowance but no extra wages.

Good for profits, eh?—JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. R. HARRIS,
Mayor of South Shields

YOUR WORSHIP,—Every town has the "blackleg pensioners" you attack—and there are few topics which arouse so much resentment.

You know many men—so do we all—who retired on pensions of £4 or £5 a week and then found jobs as bank messengers, timekeepers, and so on.

But tell me: Does your own Corporation employ no pensioners, or no police officers who are eligible for pension but continue to prevent the promotion of younger men?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Ernest BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Again I raise my voice on behalf of a cynically exploited section of the community—the roadmen.

One who writes to me receives 38s. a week, often has to cycle a dozen miles to a job, and is paid once a fortnight by cheque which his wife has to cash at a tavern.

Since he has four children, he would be better off on "the dole." Yet the council which employs him even deducts 2d. for the cheque and another 2d. for his superannuation allowance.

You, as a Government chief, should at least see that local government bodies give their workers a fair deal.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. A. F. HORDERN,
Chief Constable, Lancs

DEAR CHIEF,—What Lancashire is doing to-day all Britain should do to-morrow.

Your "courtesy cops" have caused so big a fall in road accidents that there is no longer any excuse for not compelling every police force to imitate your methods. The lives of road-users must not be sacrificed because a few authorities find it easier to harry motorists for technical offences than warn them against unwise driving.—JOHN BULL.

A Famous MAGISTRATE Speaks Out!

New Series by Sir GERVAIS RENTOUL K.C.

Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C., the shrewd and kindly London stipendiary, begins a frank series of attacks on the Law's defects

No. I—Breach of Promise

OF all forms of action known to the Law, that for breach of promise of marriage is perhaps the most curious.

Other nations, where such actions are unheard of, have often scoffed at the "English" idea of attempting to measure wounded affections and express them in terms of cash.

Eminent and sympathetic judges, like the late Mr. Justice McCardie, have held the view that breach of promise cases are mischievous and ought to be abolished. But many take a different view.

There is a prosaic and pecuniary side to the romantic business of courtship.

Let us suppose that the engagement began when the parties were twenty-five, and is broken when they are thirty. As things go in this unequal world, the man, from almost any point of view, is then more eligible than he was.

During those years he has been earning an income, his prospects have improved, and often the reason he has for breaking off the engagement is that he can better his financial or social position by marrying someone else.

With the girl, on the other hand, "the bloom is off the rye." To some extent she has lost her chances in the matrimonial market.

In addition there is the public slight she has sustained, the shock to her feelings, the sense of disillusionment. And very often she has forfeited, because of her intended marriage, the opportunity of earning her own living.

YET she finds herself forced to do so in competition with younger women and without the skill and experience she might have gained to fit her for a more responsible position.

Can it be said that these things have no monetary value? Even from a material point of view, is she in the same position as when the man won her affections? I think not.

Then why should she not be permitted to recover damages for the loss she has suffered?

Admittedly there is another side to the picture.

As every lawyer knows, the agreement to marry is a contract similar to any other, but it stands alone in being entirely exempt from any of those legal restrictions and safeguards which the law imposes in regard to other contracts.

For instance, applicable to many, there is the good old rule of *caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware—which means that you need not point out the dry rot in a house or the lameness of a horse you are selling.

There are other contracts in regard to which the law exacts what is called "the very utmost candour" in the disclosure of material facts, such as when you want to insure your life.

The contract for marriage, although equally binding, is entirely free from any conditions of this kind.

Yet it is one that is usually entered into at a thoughtless age, in an impulsive moment, amid emotional surroundings, and more often than not is brought to a point by music, moonlight, shaded lights, alcoholic refreshment and other stimulating influences.

ALL the same, no artifice or trap, scarcely any deception or misrepresentation will afford a defence to an action for breach of promise of marriage. It may weigh with the jury and reduce the damages, but it will not get you off.

I recollect appearing in a breach of promise case some years ago, in which my client was compelled to admit in cross-examination that the defendant was "very bad-tempered, a person of no principles, and not a man of his word."

But she added, "I was prepared to marry him," and she recovered damages for the breach, although many people might have thought she had had a lucky escape.

"I find that she has fits and that her mother was in a lunatic asylum," pleaded another defendant. No matter. You have made a binding contract to enter what looks like a very undesirable family circle, and you must stick to it or pay.

There was a man once who submitted that the excitement of matrimony might endanger his life.

"But the lady may have wished to be your widow," replied the Judge, as he handed over the question of damages to the jury.

On the whole, men may feel thankful that the law now contents itself with awarding damages, and does not, as in the old days, enforce specific performance of the agreement to marry.

But although in law breach of promise is as much the prerogative of man befooled as it is of jilted woman, it is very seldom that he ventures to pursue his legal remedy.

INDEED, most men would certainly be well advised to keep their grief and disappointment to themselves and not run the hazard of an action in which, despite the nominal equality of the sexes, the sympathies of judge and jury would, I am afraid, not be in their favour.

For the reasons already stated, however, women are in a different position.

While those of refinement and delicacy doubtless shrink from making such a claim, it must be recognised that there are circumstances in which it is more than justifiable for them to do so.

TO A WOMAN IT IS NOT MERELY A QUESTION OF RECOVERING THE AMOUNT SHE HAS SPENT ON CLOTHES AND HOUSEHOLD NECESSARIES IN PREPARATION FOR THE MARRIAGE.

It is a question of having been thrown over, without good reason, by one whom she chose to regard as a suitable and congenial mate. And it may be difficult for her on this very account, and with attractions perhaps waning, to find another man.

Why should she not appeal for damages—heavy damages—which, as Serjeant Buzfuz pointed out, are the "only recompense for the wounded feelings of an unimpeachable female who has been wronged by a monster in the outward semblance of a man."

Of course, one objection to this form of action is that it so readily lends itself to blackmail.

Despite the fact that the law insists on corroboration, there have been innumerable cases of foolish young men, and even more foolish old men, of wealth and position who have paid up rather than face an action for breach of promise brought against them by some designing woman.

BUT this objection applies also to many other forms of litigation, and is no valid reason for saying that breach of promise cases should be abolished.

It is, however, a deplorable thing that in actual practice there should be so much merriment in the business. Very often everyone in Court, including the Judge on the Bench, seems anxious to introduce an element of ghastly humour.

Similarly, these cases can always be relied on to draw a full house, doubtless because many people seem to enjoy seeing the worm wriggle and hearing the victim bleat.

Certain it is that there are few advocates who can cut a respectable figure when appearing for the "worm." I have known prodigious damages awarded as a result of an unsuccessful attack on the lady's character. The advocate's best chance is to try to make her appear ridiculous.

The late Lord Carson was an adept at this sort of thing, and could "laugh a case out of Court" better than anyone I have ever known. I held a junior brief once in a breach of promise action in which Carson was appearing for the defendant.

According to the lady, she had made his acquaintance in Regent Street, when he gallantly protected her against a vicious dog.

Carson rose to cross-examine.

"I suppose, Madam, this was just an ordinary dog-fight? Were you really alarmed by a couple of dogs fighting?"

"No, no," said the fair plaintiff.

"You've got it wrong, Sir Edward. It was a single dog."

"What you mean, Madam," retorted Carson in his inimitable brogue, "is that there was only one dog; but whether it was a single dog or a married dog you are not in a position to say!"

Nor was she, after the laughter had died down, in a position to say much more, and the "worm" on that occasion got off the hook.

While favouring their retention I cannot help thinking how much better it would be if these cases were heard in private and not reported at any length in the Press, as is now the rule for proceedings in the Divorce Court.

THERE is no public interest to be served by the reports. Why should the parties be pilloried in what are purely private and for the most part very painful disputes?

Nor do I see any reason why actions for breach of promise, within certain limitations, should not be brought in the County Court, or even before a Stipendiary Magistrate.

Now because of the almost prohibitive cost of a High Court action, there is a serious denial of justice to those possessed of limited means.

Let me add one final word on the vexed question of presents.

If a man without legal justification refuses to carry out his promise to marry, he cannot demand the return of the engagement ring or any other gifts he has bestowed on the lady.

If she, on the other hand, "breaks it off" she must return not only the ring but all other presents received in contemplation of marriage.

If the engagement is dissolved by mutual consent, then in the absence of any agreement to the contrary, the ring and all similar gifts must be returned by each party to the other.

Miss Heather Jenner (top left) and Miss Mary Oliver (above). It costs £5 5s. to register at their Marriage Bureau

Mayfair Cupids' Old, Old Story

"CUPID opens a shop in Bond Street" is typical of the bally-hoo that has been published about London's newest matrimonial agency.

The owners, Miss Heather Jenner and Miss Mary Oliver, call it The Marriage Bureau.

But that does not absolve it from the dangers with which concerns of this kind are loaded.

I have again and again revealed how they are the hunting ground of bigamists and all manner of schemers.

Without for a moment questioning the good intentions of these two young women it cannot be too strongly stressed that their organisation provides no safeguards.

They collect five guineas from any man or woman who wishes to register, and secure an undertaking that a further twenty-five guineas will be paid when the marriage takes place.

No provision exists for verifying the *bona-fides* of the people put in touch with each other.

* * *

One of my investigators was handed a form to fill in and told that on payment of the fee he would be supplied with the names and addresses of lots of girls.

Except that charges are on the *de luxe* scale, this much-boosted organisation is little different to the ten-shilling and five-shilling correspondence and matrimonial agencies I am constantly condemning.

WINNING WAY COSTS £5 10s.

LATEST from the get-rich-quick racing stables comes across the Channel.

Jean Ortet, of Rue de Maubeuge, Paris, whose persuasiveness puts his English *confrères* in the shade, wants you to send him 1,000 fr. (over £5 10s.) to bet on certainties for you.

What an optimist!

Sir Wyndham Childs'

BOGUS LAWYER'S AMAZING FRAUD

NATURE must have intended John Clarke to be a judge.

For years he has looked like one—and that is why he is probably the most amazing bogus lawyer crook ever known.

Dipping constantly into his bagful of aliases, he is on the prowl again. He is not far off seventy, but the many complaints reaching Scotland Yard show that his cunning is as young and virile as ever.

Clarke must be remarkably active physically, too, because he is jumping from place to place like a grasshopper.

Two of his recent victims are elderly sisters living quietly at Windsor.

He robbed them by his almost standardised ruse. With uncanny skill he found out all about their affairs. Not merely the rough outline, but numerous little personal details.

In that groundwork there is no other known criminal who can touch him. The next step in his campaign has become second nature to him.

When he called on the sisters he scarcely needed to speak to carry out his masquerade as a lawyer.

His appearance did it for him. More than that, in his rather old-fashioned clothes, his high collar and stock tie, he looked like the sound, old family type of solicitor. He is rather short and bald, and wears horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Gordon Spencer, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C." was printed on the card he presented.

Soon the sisters were engrossed in his story that he was handling the estate of a wealthy man who had gone to Australia many years ago.

Enquiries seemed to show that they were related to him, and if they could prove this they would benefit very substantially under the will.

Public Benefactor

ASTUTENESS in detecting an old ramp in a new guise secures the £1 1s. this week for Mr. G. Letchford, of 78, Sherrards Cray, Barnet, Herts.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

These two women remembered vaguely that some of their relatives had gone to Australia long ago, but they had never been in touch with them since.

Clarke had made sure of that in his very thorough enquiries.

He produced legal-looking papers, and to him it was child's play to make it seem perfectly natural that there would be certain costs to be met.

Each handed over a cheque for £10 10s., and that's the last they heard of the impressive "lawyer" who brought them visions of a fortune.

Not bad for an afternoon's work, and Clarke—by any other name—has many such profitable days.

Always he uses the same technique, but an entirely original story goes to fit each case.

In the Midlands, one woman he approached had long been divorced from her husband. Clarke, with his usual bundle of documents, made her believe that he was settling up the man's estate and that there was a provision for a large sum to be paid to her.

This time he got away with £50!

More daring was his call on a married man who had been friendly with another woman.

Professing that he was acting for her and could clear up the whole affair, he collared £40 and moved on.

Frequently this resourceful knave poses as an official of Somerset House Probate Department, who has been appointed to deal with a will under which his victim is likely to benefit.

And he goes on doing it after several convictions and a sentence of five years' penal servitude.

Born in the Midlands, he is exceedingly well educated and, as you can imagine, the last thing you would think is that he is a jailbird.

His aliases include "Scott, Denver, Graham, Sharpe, Collyer, Williams, Stephen Clarke, and Robertson."

It's astonishing how he manages to keep going in his new swindle drive and escape, for the police are everywhere on the look-out for him.

Look Out, Landladies!

HERE'S a brand new pitfall for seaside landladies.

Armed with stereotyped instructions, men are being sent out by a concern flourishing the imposing title of Anglo-Continental Holidays Association.

They are told to say they are merely collecting information for a complete register of all accommodation available for the summer holidays.

It is just one more screen in the big seaside drive for fees.

"**Important,**" heads the instruction how it is to be done.

"*After* reading aloud the details you have obtained," it reads, "inform your *prospect* we are prepared to include a special entry in the Association's regular Recommended Address Bulletins, distributed to more than fifty thousand intending visitors. (*Italics are mine.*)

"In addition, their establishment will be placed on our 'Direct Service' lists for early booking."

The annual advance subscription for this service is 5s. and 7s. 6d. when more than £2 12s. 6d. a week is charged for each visitor.

Canvassers, apparently engaged by letter without being interviewed, are told to deduct their commission of 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. according to the fee collected, and send the balance to the London Head Office each night.

Head Office: The address is certainly a famous block of offices in Regent Street, but so far as the Anglo-Continental Holidays Association is concerned, it is little more than an accommodation address.

Enquiries are dealt with by a bureau which acts as agents. They simply take a note of callers and have nothing whatever to do with the business.

My representative was informed that someone from the Association *called* each day.

The term "Association," like the grand address in Regent Street, is also rather fanciful.

At the Business Names Registry there is no trace of it, nor any clue at the Companies Registry.

Yet the pit-pat instructions to canvassers tell them to explain that the Association organises combined holidays here and abroad for parties from schools, colleges, social clubs and institutes, and well-known industrial firms.

Big travel companies must be quaking in their shoes at the prospect of this competition!

I hope my warning will be in time to prevent landladies parting with any money.

Sweet Use for Poetry

WONDROUS sweet are the uses of poetry.

Ella Godbold wrote to a Liverpool weekly paper saying she was compiling an anthology of English verse.

She felt sure readers would help by sending manuscripts and so on.

Two people who did so were promptly advised by the Arden-Godbold Press, of Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., that their poems had been accepted for the book.

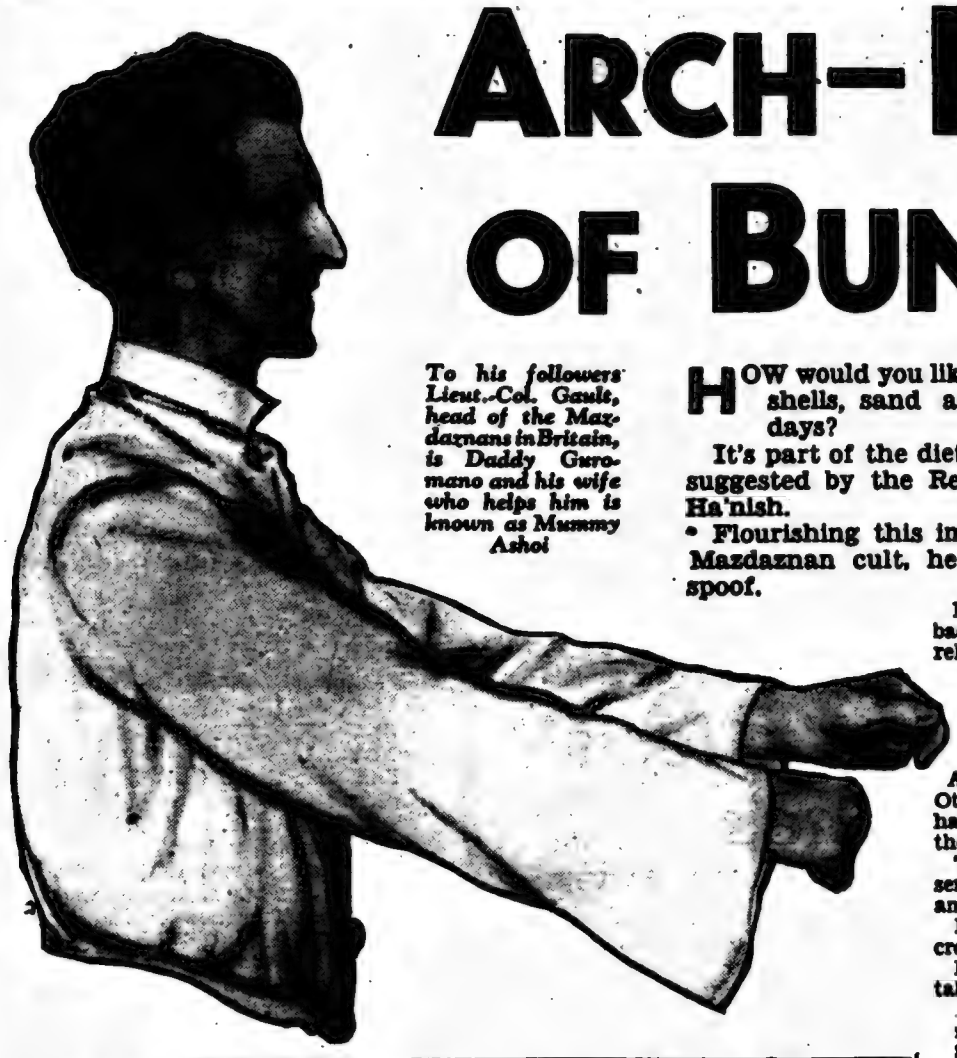
Second verse in the letter read: "Many of the poets whose work is included in this anthology have requested us to reserve copies for themselves or their friends. For this purpose we enclose a printed form."

Registered owner of the Arden-Godbold Press is Herbert Godbold and his office seems to be locked rather frequently!

Oh Ella! Oh Herbert!

Weekly Warnings

ARCH-PRIEST OF BUNKUM



To his followers Lieut.-Col. Gault, head of the Mazdaznans in Britain, is Daddy Guromano and his wife who helps him is known as Mummy Ashoi

HOW would you like to eat crushed egg and oyster shells, sand and agar-agar for twenty-one days?

It's part of the diet for neuralgia and rheumatism suggested by the Rev. Doctor Otoman Zar-Adusht Ha'nish.

Flourishing this impressive name as head of the Mazdaznan cult, he is the world's arch-priest of spoof.

He has been in this country, but is now back in Los Angeles, home of freak religions.

So he wouldn't matter much except that his preposterous nonsense is relaid by the British Mazdaznan Association of Langham House, Regent Street, London.

A large painting of the Rev. Dr. Otoman, etc., etc., hangs in their lecture hall, and his trash fills many pages in their monthly magazine.

The Association, taking itself very seriously, has been attracting a fair amount of attention recently.

Higher culture, science and faith is the creed they proclaim.

Meetings are free and collections are taken.

But it is curious that in the magazine, offered at the reasonable price of 8d., the health hints given by the great panjam Otoman introduce very skilfully various preparations sold by the Association!

"Besides oiling or creaming your feet, after washing same at least once a day in hot water, changing into fresh hosiery (not black), be sure," reads one exhortation, "to cream face and all delicate parts, also navel, nostrils and ear drums with a dab of A—— Face Cream."

The cream "made after the old Temple" recipe . . . splendid after shaving (!) is listed at the back of the booklet at 1s. 6d. a tube, or 2s. 6d. a pot.

And apparently "strawberries are better mashed and beaten or thoroughly steamed in an A—— pot."

You can buy that from the Association, too!

Then there are various Mazdaznan publications, averaging 7s. 6d. each, and "all written or approved by the Rev. Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Ha'nish."

He must be very busy, this man with the long name.

At different times he has been International Elector of Mazdaznan, Royal Master, Prophet of the Sun God, Manthra Magi of Temple El Katman, and Viceroy-elect.

Once though he was just a number.

That was when he was jailed for six months in America.

He had been amassing a good sum of money from the credulous who sought eternal youth.

The Rev. Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Ha'nish, Chief of the cult, broadcasts his rubbish from California

Included in his activities was the publication of "Inner Studies" which dealt with soul-mating, magnetic attraction and other complexities of "occult love."

Thus it was that he came in conflict with the law.

About that time he had also been describing himself, among other things, as a "Persian Magi of Royal Descent."

He is actually the son of a German-American grocer, and was born, not in the mysterious East, but in the prosaic surroundings of a small country town in Illinois, U.S.A.

The British Mazdaznan Association is run by Lt.-Col. Gault and his wife, who came here from Canada.

In the movement they are known as Daddy Guromano and Mummy Ashoi.

Daddy told a reporter after an Easter Conference that Hitler, Goering and Goebbels were followers of the cult and employed Mazdaznan cooks.

"That is why they are so cute and clever," he said!

At one of the meetings in the lecture hall at Langham House, the other day, a Miss Huntsman lectured on "Health and Breath" to an audience of three women and two men, one of whom was my representative.

There were gilt chairs, and an altar piece with many unlit candles.

While hymns are sung rhythmic exercises are performed.

According to Miss Huntsman all the world's troubles will be solved in 1960.

I should have thought the Rev. Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Ha'nish could have fixed it up long before then!

Don't Tread His Primrose Paths!

NOTHING like being on the safe side.

That's evidently what Mr. A. A. McLeod, of 12a, Belsize Lane, Hampstead, London, N.W., thinks.

He needs a thoroughly reliable person to go to greyhound race meetings and make bets for him.

Salary: Two pounds with expenses and 5 per cent. commission on net weekly profits.

But he also wants £60 cash deposit—"returnable in full at the termination of the job, with interest."

Mr. McLeod must keep the Tote extremely busy, because he seems to have offered the job to many people who replied to his advertisement.

"It's very simple but very effective," he assures those he wants to trust with their *own* money. "You would merely have to follow instructions, more or less."

More than a year ago, I find, he was wanting a lady partner to invest £70 to share the fruits of his perfect system.

* * *

One woman who ignored that offer and replied from another address about a year later to an advertisement asking for a lady to invest £150, was surprised to receive a letter from the same source.

This time Mr. McLeod's proposition was quite different.

He said he was a retired estate agent, but still continuing to do a good deal of business privately.

The outside work took up too much of his time, so he proposed to take in a lady to join him if she could invest £150.

In addition to a salary, half-share of profits was promised and there was an assurance that previous experience was not necessary.

Everything seems so easy to Mr. McLeod and yet he so constantly appears to need assistance—and money.

I think it would be a shame to take advantage of his primrose paths to wealth.

Mean Rogue is Jailed

RECENT warning I gave about mean rogues preying on the parents of sailors, soldiers and airmen has had one quick result.

John William Clark, a labourer of Deaf Hill, Trimdon, Durham, most active of them, was caught at Blackburn, Lancs, and has been sent to jail for three years.

Visiting the homes of men serving their country, he pretended that he was on leave and had been asked to call and explain that a son wanted to buy a civilian suit.

In all cases he professed to be a friend, and explained that the son had the chance of buying a suit cheaply, and wanted to have it for coming home on leave shortly.

Tom or Jack, he added, would be drawing a fair sum of money when his holiday was due, and if he could borrow £2 or £3 he would repay his parents when he arrived home.

Incredible though it may seem, Clark alone duped more than thirty people with this fairy story.

There are others about trying the same game—so be on your guard.

Mr. George Berenger

With reference to a recent article published by us in regard to the Middlesex Banking Co., Ltd., of Lime Street Square, London, E.C.3, we have been asked to say that Mr. G. Berenger, of Keats Close, Hampstead, severed all connection with that company at the beginning of 1935.

Since then he has not been concerned with it in any shape or form, and he cannot, therefore, be held responsible for the various matters which were the subject of criticism in the article.

We willingly give publicity to this statement, and regret any misapprehension which may have been caused by the article in question.

Watch 'em

FIRST half of C. Waghorn's name is most suitable.

He is one of those betting geniuses who, "as one friend to another," wants you to share his fortune for a minimum outlay of £1.

Circulars from Hanworth Road, Hounslow, Middlesex, profess he is not like other specialists.

But there is the same old mystery—which can never be solved—that he should want to pool his system, if it is so profitable.

* * *

ANOTHER little snowball.

It's shoes this time—offered at 2s. a pair by Hulles and Co., of Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C., if you buy four coupons, sell them to friends and they each sell four coupons . . .

* * *

RADIO dealers should beware of a couple ordering an expensive set, paying by cheque and requesting prompt delivery at their hotel.

If it comes off they bank on getting away before the cheque is found to be worthless.

Active in Scotland recently.

* * *

L. BRADY, of Arundel Road, Littlehampton, Sussex, advertising for people who want to make money quickly, sends a long gushing screed to those who reply.

At the end pops up the usual "All I ask is 5s. for my plan"!

Who are the NEW PIRATES?

Fired by an unknown hand, the luxury liner "L'Atlantique" goes down to her doom

Secret Agents are Wrecking Nations' Life-Lines

DESTRUCTION stalks the Seven Seas. Secret agents burn and sink great liners. Ships sail out into calm horizons and are never seen again.

Here sails a mysterious vessel which ignores signals. There an unknown submarine slides craftily into the ocean's depths.

Are the enemies of the Anglo-French alliance stealthily, deftly sapping its maritime strength?

Or trying to?

Almost day by day come news items, tucked away in the spate of crisis reports, which bolster up suspicions.

The recent firing of the liner *Paris* and the reporting of a mystery submarine at the very gates of Halifax, Nova Scotia, are but two links in the chain of evidence which, over the last few years, seems inevitably to point to an organisation working to overthrow our rule of the waves.

True, the official explanation of the Halifax incident was that a fishing-boat had been mistaken for a submarine. But this mistake was made not by one but by several experienced harbour officials and sailors.

Is it likely that a mariner mistakes a fishing-boat for a submarine?

Is it not more likely that the excuse was made by the Canadian Government—for diplomatic reasons?

THE extraordinary rapidity with which flames spread along the upper-works of the *Paris* simultaneously with the outbreak in the bakery below pointed, surely, to foul play?

DISASTER HAS BEFALLEN OTHER FRENCH LINERS RECENTLY WITH A FREQUENCY ABSURDLY DISPROPORTIONATE TO THEIR NUMBER.

The *Paris* had been on fire twice before, once at Le Havre. Less than a year ago the *Lafayette*, belonging to the same company, was burned out, also at Le Havre.

In the last two years serious fires have damaged the *Champlain*, the *Pasteur* and the *De Grasse*.

Six years ago the new luxury vessel *L'Atlantique* was destroyed by flames in the Channel. In 1932 the *Georges Philippar* suffered in the same way off Guardafui.

Recent occurrences in British naval dockyards, suppressed in the public interest, have added to the belief that organised sabotage is afoot against the ships of the democracies.

The official explanation of the fire which broke out in the *Ark Royal*, our great aircraft carrier, a few weeks ago, was that a 'plane landed on the deck and burst into flame.

It was a curiously long time before that explanation was made.

Last January the Cardiff steamer *Ulmus* was abandoned in the Mediterranean after she had been on fire four times in twenty-four hours. Incendiarism was openly suspected.

In the same month the 16,000-ton liner *Rimutaka*, bound for New Zealand with 286 passengers and 183 crew, broke into flame in the Southern Pacific.

AND the cargo steamer *Silver Line*, loaded with 300 tons of cyanide, caught fire in New York and was towed away and sunk to avoid an explosion.

A few weeks ago there was great police activity at Belfast after the L.M.S. steamer *Slieve Bearnagh* had reported fire in her deck cargo on the voyage from Heysham.

At sea, where crime is easily concealed, there have been fantastic disappearances of ships.

Two months ago a ship giving a call sign that was picked up, probably mistakenly, as "P.E.C.C." sent out an S O S saying she had been torpedoed, and was sinking south west of the Azores, in the Atlantic.

The message had apparently been given sketchily, as though by an operator who was facing death, for the call sign was never identified.

Just a year back the 5,000-ton steamer *Anglo-Australian*, bound from Cardiff to Vancouver, passed the Azores in tranquil weather, radioed her owners "All's well," and vanished.

She had two powerful long-range wireless sets. She carried no cargo, only water ballast. She had no inflammables or explosives aboard. She had every modern safety device.

WATERSPOUTS, sudden waves rearing up out of the calm, the striking of a derelict, and many other solutions were put forward. Yet the mystery of the *Anglo-Australian's* disappearance remained.

Remember, that a ship, if hit by a torpedo in a vulnerable spot, can roll over and sink before the radio operator gets a chance to call.

In October, 1937, the British steamer *Haida*, manned by a crew of forty, set out from Seattle for Hong Kong. In December it was reported from Hong Kong that she had been seized by a Japanese destroyer and taken to Formosa.

A month later a lighthouse-keeper on Vancouver Island picked up two oars, a cabin door covered with the Union Jack, and a lifebelt bearing the name *Haida*.

The *Haida* had encountered no bad weather. She had no ulterior motives. Her cargo was sulphur, and she had left Seattle before the Chinese war began.

Publicly the loss of the *Haida* was likened to the famous mystery of the *Marie Celeste*.

Would it be unreasonable to suppose that secret agents in the East know better?

Sunstar, a Brixham smack, disappeared in the Channel in June, 1937. Board of Trade reports prompted Mr. G. Windeatt, chairman of the Devonshire Fisheries Committee, to make the following remarkable statement:

"Somebody knows who sank that vessel, and that somebody, in an inhuman way, is keeping the knowledge secret. It is a very dastardly affair."

SAILING from Plymouth to Portsmouth with a cargo of stone, the crew of the steamer *Kentbrook* thought they were on another commonplace coastal trip.

Distress signals would have been easy to see from the shore all along the ship's route. She vanished, and no man knew why.

The Board of Trade enquiry decided: *"The disaster which overtook the ship was as sudden as it was complete."*

An experienced sailor can give an explanation for the loss of every vessel. Only the foolish fellows cover their ignorance with superstitious suppositions.

No need to fly to superstition in accounting for the losses we have described. There are, maybe, simpler and uglier words.

No sooner had the official statement about the mystery submarine at Halifax been issued than naval detection apparatus registered the presence of a foreign submarine off Portsmouth within the three miles limit.

MYSTERY CRAFT ARE NO NOVELTY. THEIR NUMBER ON SEAS SEEMS TO INCREASE EVERY YEAR.

Last year the United States Customs Collector at Davao, in the Philippines, reported a fleet of twenty-one unknown war vessels in the Bay.

They were stated to have been of Japanese design. Three airmen of the Philippine Army flew to Davao to investigate.

On their return to Manila they made their report to Major-General Santos, Chief of Staff.

The flight was led by an American, Lieutenant Williams Lee, an accurate and dependable man. And Major-General Santos refused to state the result of the investigations.

Past the lighthouse at Wilson Promontory, Victoria, Australia, went a mysterious fleet in September. Each vessel was in line. Each refused to answer signals. The lighthouse-keeper said they were warships. But no Australian warships were in the vicinity.

OFF the Azores, during September, 1935, an unknown fleet was seen cruising towards the North Atlantic.

Two submarines belonging to the fleet bought supplies from fishermen at a distance from the shore. In all, twenty-three ships, none of them flying flags, were counted. They refused communication with the land authorities.

All these were exhibitions of strength too big to miss.

What of the number of lone wolf submarines that, from time to time, are seen by sailors in the Atlantic and the North Sea, invariably without flags, invariably deaf to radio signals?

North and south of the equator there are vast tracts of lonely lands that would yield shelter to submarines intent on marauding expeditions.

THE MOTIVE IS THERE. A CLOAKED FOE WOULD WORK ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT EVERY VESSEL DESTROYED WAS ANOTHER HAIR FROM SAMSON'S HEAD.

Vessels that would bring our food, and carry our troops in time of war, are disappearing. Are they being deliberately and silently dispatched to Davy Jones's locker?

WE must increase our own Secret Service to find the answer. Every reported sight of an unknown craft must be carefully probed.

It is the duty of every British seaman to watch for suspicious vessels.

If under cover wrecking is being carried on we must stamp it out—or our life-blood will be drained away.

CONSCRIPTION—

Young French Conscripts celebrate on the night before they leave for training

Writer of this warning belonged to the British-French Liaison Staff at G.H.Q. and for twenty years was an Adjutant of the Conscript Branch of the Gendarmerie Nationale de France

IT would be impertinent for me, a foreigner, to comment on your Government's decision to introduce compulsory military service. Criticism or approval of that decision is a matter for the conscience of the British people themselves.

But, because of my lifetime of administrative experience in the greatest conscript service in the world, the Editor of JOHN BULL has asked me to tell what obstacles will have to be surmounted by Britain before its compulsion machinery begins to run smoothly.

First of all, however, I permit myself to express regret at the apparent collapse of your voluntary system. The British people do not seem to be aware of the extent to which their free-will methods of self-protection have been admired on the Continent.

I and my colleagues in the Conscription Division of the *Gendarmerie Nationale de France* could not restrain our expressions of sadness when we learned that your voluntary principles had been sacrificed.

As administrators of the opposite system, we envied not only the splendid spirit of the British but your tremendous possibilities, if properly directed, for expansion in emergency.

We believe that if your voluntary system has really failed under test, the reason is not want of will among your people, but bad organisation and management by those who were entrusted to get the best from it.

That brings me to the first essential Britain will have to observe if its adventure into conscription is not to prove quickly disastrous.

It is that you cannot possibly allow the scheme to be governed and directed by the same people who, seemingly, have made such a mess of your voluntary system that it has had to be scrapped.

IF, WITH ALL ITS POTENTIALITIES, THEY COULD NOT MAKE A SUCCESS OF THE ONE, DO YOU EXPECT THEM TO DO BETTER WITH THE OTHER?

New men and new minds will have to be used for the new project.

Your next step must obviously be a register of man power. To those of us who have spent our lives guiding the machinery of conscription, your talk of a National Register sounds strange.

No other conscript country has anything of the kind. Instead, each has a parish register in which is entered the name and birth-date of every male in the district, with brief notes of anything known about his later life.

NO attempt is made to compile this information into a national register. Only short, statistical summaries of its contents are supplied periodically to the War Ministry.

If Britain does not accept our experience, the waste of time, money and efficiency is bound to be immense.

What Britain does not seem to have realised yet is that conscription cannot even begin to function successfully until you have a new and specially selected police department to deal with these local registers and to be responsible for the men presenting themselves for service at the proper time.

I am convinced that you cannot do better than copy the model of the French gendarmerie—a military police, composed mostly of former non-commissioned officers from the Services, men who know every trick of the game.

—THE SNAGS

Without some such supervision, there will soon be wholesale evasions.

No conscription system will take you anywhere unless it is completely fair and impartial.

AND, RIGHT AWAY, YOU MUST BE PREPARED TO COPE WITH EVASION ON A BIG SCALE.

Under voluntary service you have had sufficient experience of the number of men who are willing to sit back in comfort and escape danger and discomfort while others do the dirty work without reward.

MAKE no mistake—under conscription you will find this tendency multiplied many times.

The skrimshankers—*touillards* we call them in France—will soon be seen in startling numbers unless your machine is ready from the start to trap them.

On the Continent, we know of seventeen methods by which attempts can be made to evade service. It would not be good policy to describe them, but I suggest that your Government should at once send a deputation to the headquarters of the *Gendarmerie Nationale* in Paris to study our secret black-lists, which contain the last word on the thwarting of dodgers.

Incidentally, the exemption of conscientious objectors and their transfer to civil war work, as is proposed in Britain, seems to be a mistake. This is not part of any Continental conscript system.

A man who resists on these grounds is brought before a military court-martial. If he is sincere, he must still serve in a unit which, though non-combatant, will be exposed to front-line danger in war.

The true conscientious objector never objects to that. Always, he is ready to die, although he will not kill.

MOST REMARKABLE ASPECT OF THE BRITISH CONSCRIPTION SCHEME TO ME IS THAT IT HAS BEEN LAUNCHED WITHOUT ANY PREPARATION FOR THE TRAINING AT SPECIAL MILITARY SCHOOLS OF OFFICERS AND SENIOR NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Hitler made that mistake when he began to raise a new army. It was found that, with discipline entrusted to "upstart" and untrained N.C.O.s, a system of petty tyranny became so rampant that the *morale* of the German conscripts was being largely destroyed.

Until this was corrected, the growth and training of the German army was almost at a standstill.

There is another canker which, if not treated boldly at the outset, will eat into and destroy any conscript system. In France we call it *la planque*—the "soft job."

By influence or wealth, for instance, a man gets himself posted or transferred to a unit stationed near his home, so that little of his training period is spent in barracks.

If that is tolerated, you must expect inefficiency and discontent. Good soldiers just cannot be made when training is done in their home areas.

This peril has lately had to be dealt with ruthlessly in France. Orders have been made under which no conscript is allowed to serve wherever he may be influenced by domestic environment.

I am aware that this upsets the British conception of raising regiments territorially, but it is one of the smaller prices you will have to pay for the luxury of efficient conscription.

And your Army medical service will have to be on the alert.

It has become necessary recently in every country on the Continent to allow no man to be permanently exempt from service unless he is a helpless cripple.

ALWAYS there is a job somewhere in the army, even for the weakest man. If he cannot be placed in one straight away, he must be ready to be summoned for further examination every six months for many years.

The *unsoumis*—the men who purposely move to another district when they are about to be called for service—are the heaviest burden on every conscript system. The maintenance in France of a detection system, as nearly perfect as can be, is costly. It averages about £300 per absentee.

Of course, the man himself is not likely to be worth that amount of money.

But it must be spent, and you must be prepared to spend it in Britain, unless compulsory service is to be treated with derision.

We in the Conscription Department of France feel intrigued to know what you will do in Britain with regard to men who marry young and have families in the hope that thereby they may be granted *sursis*—grace or exemption.

ONCE YOU BEGIN TO EXCUSE YOUNG MEN FROM SERVICE ON ACCOUNT OF FAMILY RESPONSIBILITIES—EXPECT A WAVE OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

Now every registrar and priest on the Continent has to give warning to any minor who seeks to be married that he must not hope to escape his military duties.

In France, we pay very small allowances for the wives and children of conscripts. They must depend mainly on relatives for rent and food.

UNDER present British military law, marriage allowances are not given in your country until a soldier reaches the age of twenty-six and only then if there is a place for him on a narrow married establishment.

So you have now set yourselves a pretty problem. Will your way out be to make the dependants of conscripts paupers on relief?

A still bigger problem will need solution before your first regiments of conscripts end their service—the question of their absorption in their former jobs.

It is useless, I tell you from experience, to pass Acts of Parliament providing for all men to return to their previous employment. With the best will, that cannot be done

The idea is frustrated always by the small employer, who cannot possibly afford to keep posts open.

That is why in France special tribunals have had to be set up to regulate the flow of labour from the Army, and to grant indemnities to men who cannot be taken back.

And that is why in France, also, our youths now stay longer at school, and, except in the professions, do not begin their careers in business or industry until after their service is completed.

Yes, conscription will not only revolutionise the social life of your country, but prove to be far more expensive than you could ever have expected it to be!

PROPERLY MANAGED, YOUR VOLUNTARY SYSTEM WOULD ALMOST CERTAINLY HAVE GIVEN YOU MUCH BETTER AND CHEAPER RESULTS.

NOBODY'S

AT the moment when Britain at last puts her shoulder to the wheel of National Security, spare a thought for the million or more people who know no nation, no security.

They are the refugees of Europe. The worst blow that war can deal has already been dealt to them.

We rejoice that the democracies are at last standing firmly together. But who is standing for them?

Seeking an answer to that question we have surveyed the whole problem through different eyes.

Here is our report.

Judge for yourself whether the world is doing its best for a million of its sons and daughters who ask nothing more than that they should be allowed to live.

A refugee being escorted back to an outward-bound plane after being rejected at Croydon

1. ESCAPE

THIS IS THE STORY OF A MAN WHOSE NAME WE CANNOT GIVE. IT IS A HEARTBREAKING STORY. YET HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PERSECUTED PEOPLE WISH IT WERE THEIRS. HE ESCAPED . . . THEY CANNOT.

IT all seems unreal, even now.

I can hardly convince myself that it is true; that I am in England, and that my twelve months of nightmare are at an end.

Everywhere your people treat me as a human being—I, who for twelve months have been treated as less than an animal.

In a London cinema a mother told her son to "thank the gentleman"—meaning me.

Thank you, madam, for that word. You helped to restore a human being's confidence in himself and his faith in other people.

I am twenty-eight, a bachelor. I don't think I ever did a fellow human-being a really bad turn. But I am an Austrian Jew.

When Hitler marched into my beloved Fatherland I had a good job in the Vienna office of a British firm.

I won't dwell on the cruelties to which I was subjected when my country was seized. I fled from them to Budapest.

* * *

It was refuge, that's all. There was no job, no comfort.

When Czecho-Slovakia fell, I decided that there was not even safety. I decided to make for Britain.

Officials, under Nazi influence, did all possible to torment us.

Our Austrian passports became invalid. Whenever I tried to get mine renewed uniformed bullies jeered and manhandled me and stamped the document with a huge "J" (Jude).

My only way of escape lay through Yugoslavia, Italy and Switzerland, and thence, I hoped, to Croydon.

But when I had spent my last coin to get the necessary visas, I was told that, at Hitler's request, people with Austrian passports were forbidden to cross Yugoslavia.

Always the shadow of Hitler fell across us Jews. . .

I raked together £18—I cannot reveal where. Then I set out.

Just over the Yugoslav frontier a train guard ordered me back. Didn't I know the Austrian passport was invalid? Then he moved on, and apparently forgot to come back and make sure I had obeyed.

So I got across the Italian frontier—to find myself confronted with Italian officials.

They threw me bodily off the train.

They kicked me about, shoved me on the first train back, but, desperate, I managed to drop off at Rakek, first stop on the Yugoslav side.

Now I was in a really tight spot. To be caught meant the horrors of a Nazi concentration camp.

SHAMEFUL SLAVERY, BRUTAL ILL-TREATMENT — EVEN MURDER. I DETERMINED TO KILL MYSELF RATHER THAN THAT.

At last I decided on a desperate move. Hungry, frozen by the bitter mountain winds, I confessed my plight to a tradesman.

Three times he tried to get me across the frontier—three times failed.

Then: "I will try to smuggle you over," he said.

I was introduced to two villainous Croats just out of prison. They knew every stick and stone of the frontier.

We drove fifty miles to a frontier post, where the driver of the car took my luggage and cash into Italy as his own.

He had dropped the two Croats and myself. Together, through three awful hours, through blinding snow, we staggered to our rendezvous.

We struggled over rocks and heights, through dense undergrowth that tore my clothes to rags, only to find on reaching the appointed spot that the car was not there.

All through the day we waited. We heard a motor climbing the mountain road. I made to rush out.

But the Croats flung me down. Their sharp eyes had detected that it was an Italian military patrol.

Two hours later my driver appeared, and, after adventures just as bad as those I have described, and several more narrow escapes from detection, we found ourselves in Switzerland.

I flew to Croydon, to be told courteously, gently, but very firmly: "You must go back."

I must go back! It was the end of my world.

Then . . . a message. The Home Office would allow me to stay for three months on condition that I didn't seek employment here.

I tried to choke out promises, found I couldn't speak.

2. ENGLAND!

AND NOW A "JOHN BULL" REPRESENTATIVE TAKES UP THE STORY. HE SHOWS YOU THE GATEWAY OF BRITAIN.

A BOAT glides out of the Channel. An air liner swoops out of the sky. There are many gateways to Britain. Sufficient to examine just one.

Croydon.

There is a little knot of people on the tarmac next to the machine that has just alighted.

They are wistful, dejected, cowed. They are refugees.

They have just seen London from the air. Will they ever tread its streets?

This way please. . . . "Passports."

Next, the Customs shed, with friends and relatives—if any, and how often there are none—waiting at a barrier.

They wave to each other, but it is unhappy, dispirited waving.

All their attention is for the officials, who don't let one of them out of sight for a minute.

They are such kindly men, such friendly men. So different from the officials who have been controlling their destinies these last six months.

Surely they would not keep out a poor refugee to whom the alternative is living death?

If only it were as easy as all that.

* * *

Everything depends, now, on a visa for their passports.

If they have it, they go through. If they haven't, they don't.

That visa means the would-be immigrant has a friend who will maintain him in this country—or that he has sufficient money to maintain himself.

He will never seek a Briton's job. He will never need help from national or local funds.

The friend's guarantee must go farther. It not only has to provide for the refugee's maintenance in this country but the cost of his migration overseas later.

Coming here doesn't mean staying here.

Where the immigrant is a child, keep must be guaranteed until the age of eighteen, and £50 guaranteed for future migration.

It isn't easy to enter the Promised Land.

Yet that visa system is merciful in one sense.

It has stopped those harrowing scenes which occurred when immigrants were all examined at the port of entry.

When, learning in one dreadful moment that they were refused, they threw themselves on the ground screaming for mercy, and had to be carried unconscious to the 'planes that took them away again.

But the new system hasn't stopped all anxiety.

Recently, for instance, a refugee from Czecho-Slovakia landed at Croydon. He had declared that he had enough money to start a factory in the north of England. But he had little money with him.

He gave the name of a North Country man who would confirm his story.

Three times the officials put trunk calls through to that man's number, without getting him. At last they found he was away for some days.

So the refugee was turned back. He flew away like a man without a hope left in life.

But he came back again.

And in the meantime officials had made the fullest enquiries, had satisfied themselves that his story was true and that he would be a definite asset to this country.

HE WALKED THROUGH THE BARRIER AS IF THEY WERE PEARLY GATES.

Saddest spot of all is Cleland House, Millbank, London.

Here the final "Yes" or "No" is given by Home Office officials.

One hears a Babel of tongues, united by a common story of suffering and a common plea to England.

Not many are allowed to stay . . . yet there is something supremely humane about that department.

Never has it sent refugees back to Germany. To Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Paris, or whatever place they left to get here, yes; but never to Germany.

3. FIGURES

NOTHING IS MORE ELOQUENT THAN THE FACTS AND FIGURES. STUDY THEM FOR YOURSELF.

REALLY, the refugee problem began with the ending of the Great War.

You may think of the days before that war as the Bad Old Days—but at least nations did not turn their minorities out to a world not hard at heart but hard of economic necessity.

First: the world had to absorb 1,000,000 White Russians.

But doors were not bolted and barred against refugees to the same extent as they are to-day.

Next, Greece absorbed 1,250,000 refugees—800,000 when the Turks took Smyrna in 1922.

These newcomers have become the backbone of Greek agriculture. Greece is a happier and more prosperous country for having them.

They live in complete happiness—many of them in a League of Nations city near Athens.

Russia took 500,000 Armenians when the Armenian race lost their country. They have joined willingly in the Russian experiment.

Fascism dawned. France has taken 40,000 Italian refugees. They are liberty-loving, hate Mussolini. They are therefore after France's own heart. They present no real problem.

France isn't so happy about the 270,000 refugees she has accepted from Spain. They are costing her £17,000 a day.

Real problem is that they have come

NATION...

at this time of European crisis. France is concentrating on national defence, as we are, and this is too big a diversion of the national energies.

Last of all, and the most important: Germany.

More than 500,000 Jews and other non-Aryans have been driven from Germany and other Nazi countries.

TO SETTLE THEM HAS COST THE JEWS OF HAPPIER COUNTRIES £6,000,000.

Since the war 350,000 Jews have gone to Palestine, 40,000 from Germany.

Hold your own views on the fairness to the Arabs. But the Jews have taken comparative prosperity to the country.

Our part?

We have admitted about 20,000 refugees, 9,000 from Germany, 6,000 from Austria.

Of those, 6,500 have been passed on to other countries.

Of the remainder, the majority are destined for the countries in need of development.

4. OPINION

AND NOW A WOMAN WHO IS GIVING ALL HER TIME AND EFFORT TO HELPING EUROPE'S GREAT ARMY OF UNWANTED PEOPLE—SHE IS MISS BERTHA TRACY, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE GERMANY EMERGENCY COMMITTEE — TELLS YOU WHAT, IN HER OPINION, SHOULD BE DONE.

COUNTRIES all over the world are crying out for development. Pouring out of Germany and other countries are the people who can undertake the task.

What stands in the way? Primarily, need of money, as I will show you later.

But let me, before indicating the remedy, show you what is being done.

We are only one of many bodies working on behalf of refugees. The work in this country is done entirely by voluntary organisations.

Though we do our best within our financial limits, I fear that the united efforts of us all do no more than touch the fringe of the problem.

We have spent nearly £50,000 and have more than 15,000 cases on our files—but every day we receive another 400 appeals for help.

Our work has become so much more complicated of late, because appeals reach us now not only from Germany and Austria, but from our other centres in countries to which refugees originally fled to escape the Reich.

We spent £1,600 in January, £1,500 in February, £2,000 in March. During those three months we emigrated refugees to twenty different countries. Yet even that is a mere drop in the pond.

* * *

I am pleased to say that we co-operate closely with the police and other officials and find them extraordinarily kind and sympathetic.

Our duties are back-breaking. I, personally, often have to work from 8.45 a.m. till midnight.

But our efforts bring their own reward. It is most moving to see the gratitude of those whom we are able to help.

Many who come under our care tell astonishing stories of their adventures and hardships.

One man, for instance, managed to elude the police at Rotterdam, acquire a forged Dutch passport by some means, and sail to America in a Dutch ship.

But the Americans promptly put him on the next German boat for home.

The crew recognised him. On the way back they treated him badly. Towards the end of the journey they handcuffed him to a cabin wall.

But he contrived to get a file and conceal it in his bandages. When the ship touched Southampton he cut himself free, swam ashore, and surrendered to the police.

We found this man in Brixton Jail, and the police handed him over to us. We gave him help until he found work with a British firm with whom he had done business while in Germany.

* * *

Except for the British Government's £4,000,000 loan to Czecho-Slovakia, used largely to aid refugees, the voluntary organisations in this country are carrying the whole burden.

It is heart-breaking. Our work has to be so piecemeal.

IT SEEMS TO ME SUCH A BIG MISTAKE THAT, IN THE PRESENT LACK OF INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION, WE MUST APPROACH OFFICIALS IN OTHER COUNTRIES AND PLEAD WITH THEM TO TAKE A FEW REFUGEES FROM US.

Here, as I have said, is where the need for money arises. There is a golden chance for our financiers.

So many countries need development. And there is a great reservoir of labour from which may be drawn the skilled workers necessary for such development.

Why has there not been an international loan to launch refugee movements?

Meanwhile, we must struggle on, doing our work as best we can.

These people are so well worth helping.

Despite all the sufferings they have endured, helpers never cease to marvel at the amazing fortitude they show—men, women and children alike.

Few of them allow themselves to be broken in spirit.

They endure their lot with great dignity, and, on the whole, show an astonishing lack of bitterness.

So now then, you financiers!

5. ANOTHER VIEW

BUT WHAT HAVE BRITISH WORKERS TO SAY? LISTEN TO ONE, MR. J. BIRD, OF BUCKLEBURY, NEAR READING.

THE refugee problem is a problem not of our making. It is therefore easy to say it is none of our business.

But I wouldn't admire the man who put it that way, for there's the question of common humanity.

I say: Let them come in, **on conditions.**

Refugees are not suffering because of the wishes of the people among whom they lived.

The leaders have enslaved them. And I believe one day those men will curse the day they were born.

I don't think Britain is doing enough for those people. But I don't mean that she is not doing the best she can at the moment.

We have great fertile stretches in our Empire that are under-populated—dangerously so. They are a standing temptation to the smash-and-grabbers.

Yet only a small proportion of refugees have been sent out there.

Where is the evidence that our leaders are tackling this subject in earnest?

The answer to the problem as far as we are concerned lies not in overcrowded Britain, but in our empty Empire.

Let us see this Empire, as a unit, doing its full share with other countries in dealing with refugees.

Without doubt our country has benefited in some ways from the help it has given.

Sir Samuel Hoare says 200 new factories have been started here by refugees. He says 11,000 refugees have given employment to 15,000 Britons.

That's to the good, for new trades mean more work.

Don't let us blind ourselves to the fact that an increase in the population can mean an improvement in the economic status of the nation.

If not, why worry our heads by a fall in the birth-rate?

More people to buy what the farmer grows. More people to buy the products of our industries. More demands for homes, for land.

If we are going to regard every newcomer as a liability, we must look on every new baby as a liability.

And it isn't true. The majority of them are assets—otherwise, how could a country manage to pay its way?

But remember: Don't let us tolerate the use of refugees for wage-cutting purposes. That is the danger. There are a few employers who would do it if they had the chance.

WHILE HELPING THESE PEOPLE, DON'T LET US FORGET OUR OWN 1,500,000 PEOPLE UNEMPLOYED.

They have still got first claim on us. There are people who seem to have forgotten that.

Here are two lucky ones. Two refugee children being led off a boat into the Promised Land by an English policeman

6. WE SAY...

NOW FOR OUR OWN PLAN:

EUROPE to-day has a million hounded souls.

They have been driven from their homes to starve because they are Christians, because they are Jews, because they are Socialists, because they are Catholics, because they are Protestants.

They cannot be allowed to die like a million sewer rats.

But they cannot become the problem of any one or any two nations.

They are the problem of the democratic world, and the democratic world must deal with it.

We say: Among the undeveloped spaces that dot the map of the world a land should be found for the new Lost Tribes of Europe.

It should be secured under a mandate of the League of Nations, organised and administered through the machinery of the League.

If this doesn't find approval among the democracies, we offer this alternative:

LET THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE DEMOCRATIC COUNTRIES ARRANGE THE GRADUAL DISPERSAL OF THE REFUGEES AMONG THEMSELVES, EACH RECEIVING A FAIR QUOTA.

America has already made a real contribution to such a scheme.

She agrees to receive 20,000 refugee Germans and Austrians every year.

This means one refugee to every 20,000 of population. And that quota, generally adopted, would solve the problem.

On that basis the British Empire, Britain and the Dominions would be called on to accept 10,000 refugees every year.

Who will say that would interfere to the slightest degree with our economic balance or menace the welfare of our people?

Anyway, it is a problem that has got to be solved.

It can only be solved by international co-operation.

Let Britain give the lead

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HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

IRONSIDE rules the ROCK

Commanding the Rock of Gibraltar, he's almost as strong as the Rock itself

GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE finds himself, as Governor of Gibraltar, in charge of one of the key positions of the Empire in a time of crisis.

Usually, the job has been given to an elderly soldier, as an honour.

The appointment of Sir Edmund, one of the finest soldiers in the Army, to command a few miles of rock, a fortress and little more, shows how the world is changing, how sinecures are becoming big jobs and what were once big jobs sinecures.

When, three years ago, I visited Gibraltar, our relations with the Republican Government of Spain were so friendly that British troops who could find little room on the Rock were drilling on the No Man's Land, a mile in length, that divided Gibraltar from the mainland.

And thousands of people who worked on the Rock were walking without passports from Spain every morning and back every night.

Now that road is fortified, prepared for war—and heavy guns, pointed on the Rock by Spaniards, have taken the place of the old-time friendliness.

Gibraltar is a strange place—as Sir Edmund Ironside must have realised—a mixture of Aldershot and Portsmouth.

Everywhere you go there are forts, but the main street, in the evening, looks like "Pompey" on a Saturday night.

There, in a narrow thoroughfare, the inhabitants, of mixed Mediterranean descent and British only in name, mingle with the soldiers and sailors.

Whereas, in Portsmouth, you find pubs, in Gibraltar there are cafés.

Gibraltar, when you approach it by steamer, looks like a big crocodile one minute. Then, when you turn a corner, the Rock looks like a lion—Britain personified.

THAT is how it will seem to the commanding vice-admiral of the German Fleet when he goes ashore as Ironside's guest soon.

The German Navy is now on manœuvres off the west coast of Spain. The flagship will call at Gibraltar for an official visit.

The irony should appeal to Ironside. For the visitor is the cause of all the precautions he has had to supervise recently.

Gibraltar is almost the smallest possession in the world. Yet, as a guardian of our route to Egypt, to India and to Australia, it makes Sir Edmund's job supremely important.

Mussolini hates Gibraltar. Doubtless the Spaniards want it back, for it was once theirs.

But to us it is worth a whole fleet. If it fell into enemy hands, Civilisation itself might be imperilled.

Well, Ironside, who to-day is its embodiment, is almost more than any living man best qualified to act as its chief.

Physically, he is almost as strong as the Rock itself. Four inches over six feet in height, he is dominant and resolute, the tallest soldier of note this country has produced for many years, blunt with officials and yet popular with men.

He has a sense of humour and a power of speech.

The only time I met him he went into eulogies over the Cockney soldiers in the war.

Used to an office stool and City life, the men from London had, after only a very few weeks' training, met and beaten the Prussian Guard itself.

It is this kind of appreciation that makes Ironside beloved by the troops.

He had an awful job in North Russia in 1918, in command of that ill-fated and ill-timed expedition, which even to-day, when in some moods we are trying to line up with them, the Russians remember.

Ironside had one brief rest as Lieutenant of the Tower of London. But otherwise he has been travelling everywhere.

HE has served in India. During the war he commanded, for a time, our troops in North-West Persia.

Some say he can speak eight languages. Some say he can speak twelve. Some say he can speak fourteen. Anyway, he picks languages up wherever he goes, talks Serbian to the Turks and Russian to the Russians.

In this country his English is blunt.

You would not believe it, but he possesses the Iron Cross. This he won before the Great War when, passing himself off as a Boer, he helped the Germans in their campaign against the Herreros. He did so, they say, to learn German strategy.

And he is so strong that, during the South African War, while escaping capture by the Boers, he squeezed a man to death.

His extraordinary judgment of men was proved in 1917, when he was sent to Persia to steady the corps which, until then, had been officered by Russians. He saw Private Rizah Pahlevi, called him from the ranks, and promoted him an officer on the spot. That Rizah Pahlevi is now Shah!

All through his career Ironside has been sent on jobs that looked small at the time, but which had a habit of becoming big. Indeed, when last spring it was announced that he was to succeed Sir Charles Harington at Gibraltar, a military correspondent who is usually right complained that the Army would suffer through his transfer to a sedentary post.

To-day we realise that, for once at least, the Government was right in making the appointment.

FOR GIBRALTAR, THREATENED ON THREE SIDES, HAS AT LEAST ONE IRONSIDE IN THE MIDDLE.

And the Rock, shelled though it would be in war-time from the mainland only a mile or so away, would be the base of our Mediterranean operations.

Ironside, if any plan is suggested to him, knows within a minute where the snags are to be found. He is a man of excellent first impressions. He doesn't need to sit on an idea for nights. He acts as quickly as he thinks.

He has a peculiar ability for creating blind worship of himself among the lowliest soldiers. When attending a Services football match recently, the cheer that went up as the players ran on the field was surpassed by the cheer that followed when Ironside's bulky frame appeared.

His beloved mother was a linguist like himself. He always wrote to her once a day, even during the war, often in foreign languages in which she answered back.

SHE spent a lot of her time in Kent, near Cobham Castle, and there her son used to go for a rest after long exertion. I, who have been a guest of the Earl of Darnley at Cobham Castle—the Ironsides and the Darnleys were close friends there—can realise how that old-time place of calm and culture must have drawn him after the rigours of Army life.

There "Tiny" Ironside or "Big Bill"—they have all sorts of jokes about his size—knew the farm labourers, the postmen, the small farmers and the shopkeepers by their Christian names.

He would go away for a year, come back, and say to some cottager, "So you decided to chop the old apple tree down, after all?"

He has always lived, in spite of discipline, in a world of human beings. Although a sort of Kitchener himself, he is in no sense remote as K. was.

Always interested in young people and their future, he remembers, in particular, naughty boys.

"What's that lad of yours been doing lately?" he would enquire about some boy given to taking trouble home.

A friendly word from him had a great effect on recalcitrant youngsters. In extreme cases, he has prescribed a year or two of "roughing it."

But he has less sympathy with the bad lads belonging to higher social circles.

"Knock off his allowance," he has said. "Make him work for his living."

That's the sort of man Ironside is.

Greatest of These!

Ex-Sergeant Brooks

WH-EE-EE EE-EE . . . went the gas alarm. But it was too late for Sergeant A. Brooks.

The burning poison did its work, and now, more than twenty years after, he is almost blind in one eye. And he is a chronic bronchitis victim.

For the last six months this illness has prevented his working.

From 1915-1920 he served his country. He was awarded the General Service and Victory medals and all his superior officers spoke of him as an excellent soldier.

Now all he asks is proper nourishment.

It is impossible for him to buy proper food with an income of 17s. less 8s. a week rent.

Will our readers send a donation so that ex-Sergeant Brooks can get himself fit for a job again? Gifts should be earmarked "Ex-Sergeant" and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We gratefully acknowledge 10s. from "Wirral"

Dictators are Juggling with the Freedom and Happi

LIFE in t

Coc

Eur

What do YOU know of the Balkan peoples—of their everyday lives, their pastimes, their pleasures? To-day these simple folk have a big part in Britain's foreign policy. Below are glimpses of the men and women we used to think lived only in the realm of comic opera.

by Ralph Michaelis

THE most dangerous element in international relations is *misunderstanding*.

Geography is not the Briton's strong suit. Countries are too often just a Spot on the Map to us—if we happen to have a map.

I was recently startled when a fairly well educated woman asked me if the Czechs were black. Then I remembered that many others who should have known better asked me the same thing about the Turks, when I returned from a visit to Turkey.

To-day the Balkans loom large in Britain's new foreign policy, and it is essential that we should have some understanding of the peoples who live in the Balkan peninsula.

I know the peoples of the Balkans and Central Europe intimately. I have gone among them on foot, and lived with them in their villages and towns for months on end, and I am going to do my best to give you some idea of what everyday life is like in this Cockpit of Europe.

We will leave out their politics, which are not only complicated, but give rise to more misunderstanding than anything else in human relationships, except possibly religion.

Turkey is the most important influence in the Balkans, and although the amount of her European territory is very small to-day, a considerable portion of what are now Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania and Greece were under her sway within living memory.

The Great War practically wiped the Turks off the map, but they made a tremendous come-back in 1922 under Mustapha Kemal Pasha as he was then, or Kemal Ataturk (Father of the Turks) as he afterwards called himself.

What that hard-drinking Dictator accomplished for his country before his death, a few months ago, was nothing short of a miracle.

He transformed the easy-going, corrupt, misruled Turkey of the Sultans into a well-run modern State.

In less than twenty years he swept away the old befezzed Turkey with its veiled harem women, and substituted a new social order on a monogamous basis, with its emancipated girls in transparent silk stockings, lip-sticked, and dressed by the modistes of Paris and London.

The transfer was not easy; but it was helped by economic conditions. The middle-class townsman, legally entitled to a plurality of wives, was already finding one wife as much as he could afford.

The farmer, on the other hand, usually maintained his full legal ration of four wives; and they did practically all the work about his farm and his house.

But the harem woman was not as dumb as you might think.

I have often been embarrassed on entering the outskirts of a village to find the women hastily throwing their yashmaks (black-hooded capes) across their faces to hide them from the stranger.

Then I have looked round a moment later to find a pair of scintillating black eyes peeping at me from behind each tree.

MOST attractive thing about the Turk is his good manners, and I had a most remarkable proof of this when approaching a tiny village in Eastern Thrace.

The only way into this village was by means of a muddy, greasy pole, which served as a footbridge across a river some fifty yards wide.

There was no hand-rail or other support, and while I performed a first-class slap-stick turn, slipping and floundering along this greasy pole in my heavy nailed boots, in imminent danger of falling into the roaring torrent twenty feet below, a small urchin stood solemnly at the village end of the bridge without the vestige of a smile on his face.

He had a well-bred air of detachment that would have done credit to any diplomatic corps.

ON another occasion I was arrested as a spy in a small provincial garrison, owing to a misunderstanding. As I was preparing to spend the night in the guard room, the Commandant asked me to dine with him and his friends.

Having feasted me right royally, they provided me with the best lodging in the town, even though there was a sentry with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet at my bedside, and another outside my bedroom door.

And if my bona fides had not been confirmed from headquarters 200 miles away the next morning, I am sure it would have been a pleasure to have been shot by such charming people!

I was once staying at a country inn where a middle-aged Turk arrived with the whole of his household. As I passed their room the door was open and I saw the Turk squatting on his haunches in the middle of the room, smoking his narghili, with at least twenty women squatting in a circle, puffing at cigarettes.

Then I noticed that when other guests of the inn passed the door they turned their heads politely away, as good form demanded.

There is some misapprehension among strangers about the size of these harems. For not only the man's wives but often his mother and a whole bevy of unmarried or widowed aunts and other female relatives lived with him.

In Turkey, no woman with a son or male relative need want for a home.

The Turk is a natural democrat—and I am not using the word in its political sense. In Turkey the highest functionaries are always accessible.

I remember spending a morning in the office of the then Governor-General of Eastern Thrace, at Adrianople. I was astounded to see how all and sundry wandered into the great man's presence, without hindrance either from his military guard or his staff.

There were ragged peasants, prosperous shopkeepers and farmers. They approached the Governor-General with perfect self-possession, and with no sense of social inferiority.

Each man stated his case with quiet dignity, and was listened to with courtesy.

Many an Englishman is still influenced by Gladstone's description of "The Unspeakable Turk," though it is significant that Lloyd George was unsuccessful in dragging us into a war to defend the Greeks against the Turks in 1922.

The country said "No," and Lloyd George's Government fell; for which we may be fervently thankful to-day.

Unfortunately, the atrocities which prompted Gladstone's and Lloyd George's strictures have been only too common in the wars of the Balkan Peninsula.

To Europe's shame, they are now being perpetrated much nearer home, by Powers claiming a much higher civilisation.

When I was in Turkey, just after their war with the Greeks in 1922, the Turks brought me whole dossiers ill of alleged atrocities with which they intended to counter the equivalent dossiers sent to London and Paris by the Greeks.

Among several cases which I substantiated was that of an old Turk who had been tied by his ankles to the branch of a tree—never mind by whom, as there is no point in reviving old antagonisms—while a fire of slow-burning grain was lit under his head, and his tormentors questioned him until he revealed where he had hidden his money.

I mention this case particularly, because it was a common form of torture used by all sides during the Balkan wars, and since practised by peoples much nearer home.

NEXT TO THE TURK, THE BULGAR IS THE "TOUGHEST GUY" IN THE BALKANS, THOUGH THE YUGOSLAV RUNS THEM BOTH PRETTY CLOSE.

LIKE Turkey, Bulgaria fought against us in the Great War.

The big-boned Bulgarian peasant drinks hard, works hard, and fights hard. He carries a dagger in his belt, and uses it at the slightest provocation.

I used to find it a little disconcerting at first to sleep in a country inn in the same room with three or four other men each of whom would lie down in his clothes and park his dagger on his pillow before going to sleep.

I was a bit apprehensive, too, when a gigantic fellow stalked into a cottage where I was staying, helped himself to drink, and threw his knife quivering into the table beside his glass.

When the children started to play at making it waggle, they were soundly cuffed. But otherwise the evening passed off without casualty. I did not know then that it was customary among the peasants to stick their knives in the table beside their glasses.

BUT the following Sunday afternoon, which is the time devoted to serious drinking—and fighting—I walked into an inn where there were twenty stalwarts sitting, each with his knife bristling beside his glass.

One of them made a remark that was resented by another, and in a jiffy those knives were out of the table, and there was a general set-to.

When the battle was over, there was one man dead on the floor and another with a dagger in his shoulder. The landlord shrugged philosophically and fetched the village policeman.

This worthy arrived with his walking armament of a rifle with fixed bayonet, revolver, a stick and a whip. The man who had killed the other was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. And the wounded man was back working in the fields on Monday as if nothing had happened. His assailant was given a beating by the policeman.

But life is not always so grim.

In one village I was invited to a wedding.

Proceedings were started early in the morning by a band which played up and down the village street. Later the bridal procession set off in horse-drawn carriages to the little church.

In the first carriage was the bridegroom's father with two other relatives, and his brother perched on the box

piness of Millions . . .

the KPIT of ROPE

A Hungarian peasant, typical of the happy-go-lucky, good natured people of the Balkans.

popping off a revolver into the air. The second carriage contained more male relatives, with another young man firing a rifle from the box seat and a small boy sitting on the mud-guard.

"BUT WHO," I ASKED, "IS THE SMALL BOY?"

"OH HIM? HE'S THE BRIDEGROOM," THEY SAID. "HE'S 15."

In the next carriage was the pretty little bride, also 15, with her parents.

Celebrations after the wedding lasted three weeks, the band playing almost continuously and the young people snatching every moment they could from their work in the fields to go on dancing the "hobbo."

By the end of the celebrations most of the available young people were engaged to be married—which was in keeping with tradition.

As a contrast to these primitive rural conditions, Sofia, the capital, is a fine modern city, something like Barcelona. It has risen in fifty years on the site of a Turkish village.

It was in Bulgaria that I had my first experience of a Referendum, or a vote of the entire electorate.

About twenty or so Cabinet Ministers had been arrested, thrown into jail, and charged with dragging the country unnecessarily into war.

Meanwhile, on every hoarding in the country there rose huge posters featuring great heaps of skulls, with wounded and much-bandaged soldiers hobbling around on crutches.

THEN two or three days before the vote was to be taken a tiny slip of paper bearing the twenty or so names of the indicted ministers was stuck on to the corner of each of these posters, the obvious insinuation being "These are the men who are responsible for all this."

On the day of the Referendum there was an eight o'clock curfew. Lights that were not out by then were shot out by the police.

I asked some of the young clerks who were taking the vote what would happen if the vote went against the indicted ministers; but they treated the whole thing as a joke, and said that nothing would happen.

Nevertheless, several of these ministers were shot, and others sentenced to long terms of imprisonment when the vote did go against them.

The Yugoslavs are akin to the Bulgars both in race and in language. Yet they fought on opposite sides in the Great War, and also in the Balkan wars.

This unnatural state of affairs has often been pointed out to me by both Yugoslav and Bulgars; but they, no more than we, have yet solved the mystery which causes nations to clash when individuals are ready to say "Cheerio" over a friendly glass of beer.

Yugoslavia is a paradise for bureaucrats, where every man who has been to school seems to think that the State owes him a job as a pen-pusher.

I once had to get the visa on my passport extended in Belgrade. After spending a whole morning standing outside the doors of the offices of countless officials, I collected fifteen signatures on my application form; but still lacked another ten before the visa could be granted.

As the office was closed that afternoon, the following day a Sunday, and the day after that a holiday, I was advised to come back again on Tuesday. Instead, I tore up my application form, went on my way, and heard nothing more of the matter.

I did not know it at the time, but that is exactly what the Yugoslavs themselves do when they get tired of waiting for the last ten signatures. We should remember, however, that such things are not unknown in our own Whitehall.

The Yugoslavs are probably the best linguists in the world. Although the percentage of literacy is comparatively low, almost everyone who goes to school learns at least five languages.

I CAME ACROSS A CHAMBERMAID IN A PRIMITIVE VILLAGE INN WHO SPOKE SEVEN LANGUAGES.

It is not generally realised by those who shiver at every frontier incident in a crisis that such incidents in the Balkans have been so commonplace for the last thirty years that they were not even thought worth reporting.

Of all red-hot frontiers, that of Yugoslavia is the most perilous. At one point where I crossed on my way from Hungary two sentries were stationed a hundred yards apart on a perfectly flat road.

SOMETIMES one or other of them would bolt an extra indigestible piece of onion for breakfast and shoot up the other fellow.

Guards would turn out on either side, and in a short time reinforcements would be thrown in, and a pitched battle would be raging

I was told by the officers on both sides that their casualties at this point alone amounted to six hundred a month.

Some of these Balkan frontiers appear to have been laid out on the map by a crazy Versailles draughtsman with St. Vitus's dance.

I have seen cases where they run slap through a house, which finds itself partly in one country and partly in another.

Land of comic opera, Hungary is not a Balkan Power proper, and proudly proclaims herself to be Europe's ancient bulwark against the Turk.

In proportion, Hungary lost more territory than any other country through the Great War. This was partly her own fault. When the war ended, the War Minister of the Revolutionary Government got up on a soap-box in Budapest and said, "I don't want to see any more soldiers."

So the troops left the frontiers and jumped into their next trains home, while the Rumanians, Yugoslavs and Czechs walked in and helped themselves.

The Allies insisted on these countries giving up part of their booty; but possession being nine points of the law, it was only a much-amputated Hungary that survived.

The Hungarian zest for a good time is irrepressible, despite all economic and political difficulties. Not only does Budapest never sleep, but almost every village has its night-life.

You can make whoopee on heady Hungarian wine to the spellbinding music of the gypsy orchestra—real gypsy music, not the sad travesties we have to put up with over here.

It is all very matey. You stand them drinks, and the leader comes over and plays his fiddle under your nose, and asks your girl friend to choose the next tune.

IN one small town, where I had apparently been more generous to the band than was usual, they caused me a great deal of embarrassment by playing me home through the streets to my hotel.

Hungarian hospitality is almost fantastic. At one country inn where I had a meal and a glass of wine the innkeeper refused to take my money, saying, "I do not take money from wayfarers."

Even during the Bolshevist revolution the country people, who hated the Bolshevists, would never refuse them supper and a night's lodging.

Then, after breakfast in the morning, they would give them a hundred yards start before shooting at them.

For the Hungarian has a fine sporting instinct.

Mrs. Fluke's romantic heart warmed as she looked at the young couple—even though they amazed her

MRS. FLUKE STEPS IN

Another brilliant story of a lovable landlady's adventures told—

by B. L. Jacot

PUFFING gently up the stairs from her snug basement kitchen, Mrs. Fluke was thinking of the stir young Mr. Sheridan's legacy had made these last few days among the lodgers at No. 9, Orsetto Road.

Everyone had a different idea what should be done with the money, and Mrs. Fluke was hoping that, in the end, it would be safe. Two hundred pounds was a lot of money for a boy to have.

A noise broke out as she reached the spotless hall with its gleaming lino and potted ferns. An avalanche crashed over the landings above, bounced round the bends, and finally tipped itself into the hall beside her. "Mr. Sheridan!" she scolded.

The young man of the legacy grinned at her. Hair dragged over his forehead and the flowing tie sat untidily under one ear. "Let me save your legs and carry that siphon up for you," he offered, and, diving round the landlady, untied the strings of her apron.

"Never mind my legs!" Mrs. Fluke said, and as she set down the tray to retie her apron her lodger pulled it neatly undone once more.

"Mr. Rivers has fixed things up for me, Auntie," he cried, disappearing out of the front-door. "A fortune and a job! G'bye!"

Mrs. Fluke, digesting the news, continued her climb to leave the siphon in Mr. Rivers's room.

Well!—it was kind of the financier to interest himself in young Mr. Sheridan, she thought. A man as rich as he was.

This young Mr. Sheridan was an artist—or so he said, and she had meant to refuse him when he arrived two months ago, but she found, in the end, that she had let him the back attic room, just why she could never quite decide.

WITH her enviable reputation for respectability, Mrs. Fluke was careful whom she took in. Warm-hearted and motherly she might be, but Mrs. Fluke had a shrewd eye for such things as short weight, marriage certificates, and theatricals—among whom she included artists, musicians and writers, people everybody knew to be bad payers and of irregular habits.

"Mrs. Fluke!" sounded a voice from across the landing. "We want to celebrate to-night. Mr. Rivers has got Teddie a job! Could you join us? It'll be quite quiet."

"It 'ad better be," the landlady observed. She pushed her pink and homely face inside Miss Desmond's "American Flatlet." "Is Mr. Rivers coming?"

The girl nodded. She was good-looking, and an artist, like Mr. Sheridan, only she worked in an office, drawing corsets for the advertisements.

"He's found a safe investment for Teddie's money and there's a job to go with it. It was lucky he happened to be staying here. It's a share in a film company."

"I 'ope it turns out all right," Mrs. Fluke said doubtfully. "I know 'is sort. 'E'd 'ave spent the lot inside a couple o' months." She paused.

At heart she was as romantic as Annie, her maid-of-all-work, who slept with a signed photograph of Jack Holt under her pillow. It must have showed in her face, for Miss Desmond nodded once more.

"We've just been talking it over before Teddie went out to sign the papers and things at Mr. Rivers's office. We're getting married as soon as he begins on the new job. Next week!"

There was nothing Mrs. Fluke liked better than seeing young folks happy, but she took this statement with caution. She did not understand the way some carried on.

It seemed that Mr. Sheridan and Miss Desmond had known each other all their lives, yet just over three weeks ago they had decided to get married so suddenly that Mr. Sheridan had to borrow three pounds from Mrs. Fluke for a special licence that cost *ten pounds*!

BUT worse than that with this happy-go-lucky young man—on his wedding-day he scandalised Mrs. Fluke by telling her casually that they had postponed the ceremony because he simply had to see an exhibition of pictures, or something, Mile End way, and this was the last day it was open.

On the second wedding-day Mr. Sheridan did not arrive at the register office in time to be married before it closed, although Miss Desmond, Mrs. Fluke and Annie waited until the last minute.

It seemed he had an accident with a car he had borrowed in Henley-on-Thames. The third wedding-day, also attended by Mrs. Fluke, was the worst of the lot.

Both bride and groom turned up, but Miss Desmond—who could blame her?—had decided that this time she was the one who was going to be late.

The waiting affected Mr. Sheridan's highly-strung nerves, and when the bride arrived an awful scene took place in the hall of the register office, and the marriage was called off.

What Mrs. Fluke could not understand was that the two of them went off to the pictures that evening as if nothing had happened!

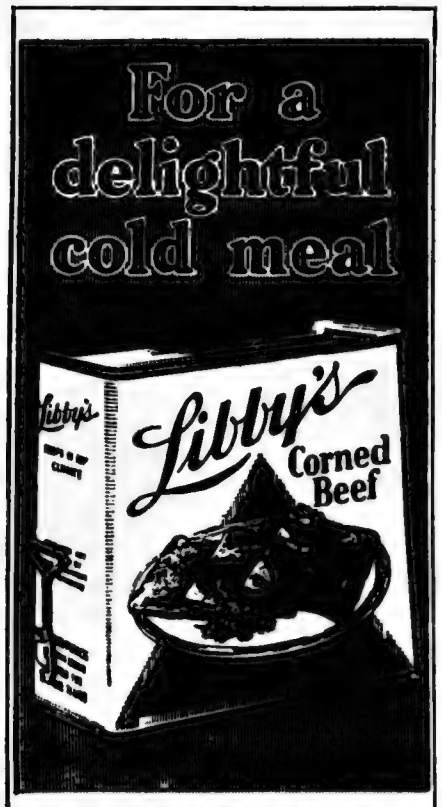
"ANNIE," recorded Mrs. Fluke, when she got back to her kitchen to poke her nose inside the refrigerator, "I can't understand that pair! Better defrost this to-night and clean it out. That lemon smell again. Did you fry that shin o' beef before you dropped it in the stew-pot?"

"Yes'm," the maid acknowledged. Seven years ago she had come to No. 9, Orsetto Road, from the orphanage, and she had stayed there ever since. "Mr. Rivers 'as put his laundry out. I brought it down."

Mrs. Fluke nodded absently at the bundle. "With young folk like that—it ain't natchral! Better leave that jelly to set in the larder," she advised. "It'll

(Continued on page 24)

Drawn by Bertram Prance.



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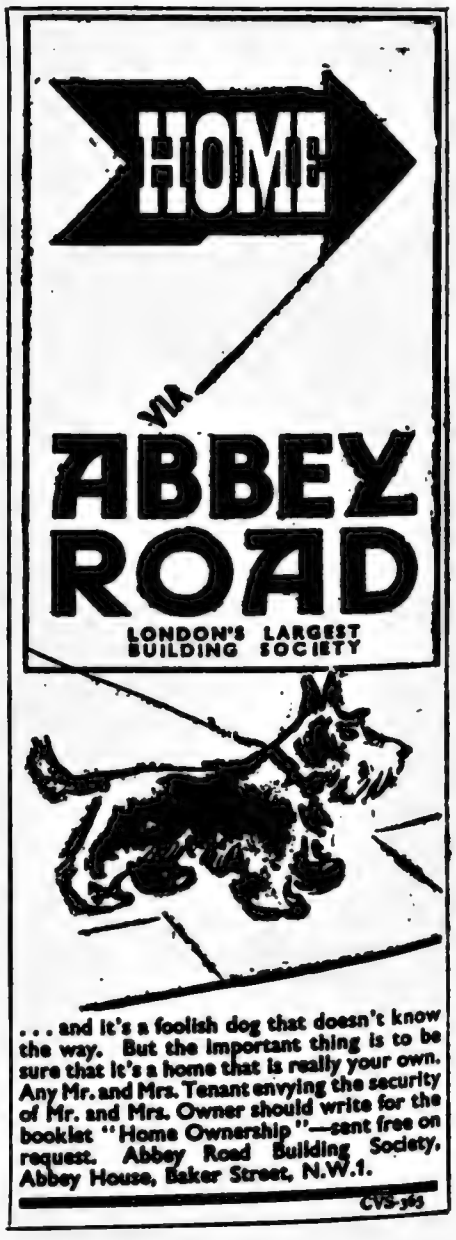

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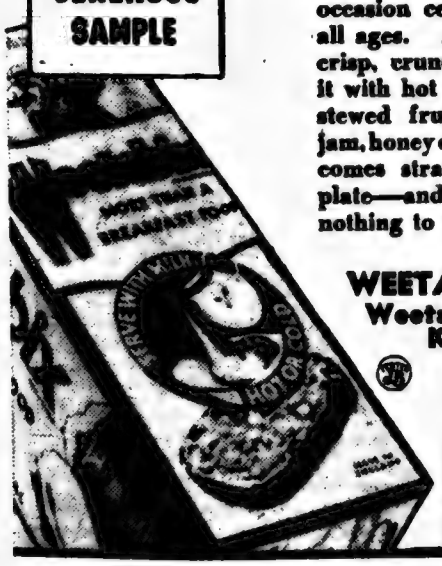

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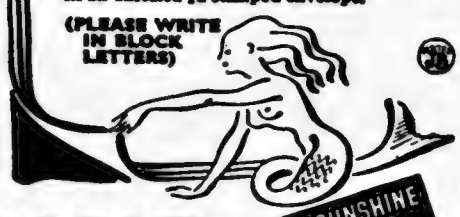

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PUT AN END TO RHEUMATISM

Continuing

Mrs. Fluke Steps In

pick up the smell in that dratted refrigerator.

"If that young feller as sold us the machine said anything about smell in all that talkin' he done, mussay I never 'eard it. Sell yer anythink for two shillings a week, now a days. Cut those onions across dear, not down, and leave the slices thick or they'll boil away."

Mr. Alastair Rivers was already at the merry party upstairs when Mrs. Fluke, the washing-up done, arrived to join them. The landlady was somewhat in awe of him—his accent was so refined, his smile so charming, his head so bald, and the stripe of his city trousers so respectable.

"I'm just waiting while my house is being finished," he was confiding to Miss Desmond, with his most disarming smile. "This district is my native heath, y'know. I was born in Chelsea."

Miss Desmond knew that he was explaining in his gentlemanly way how it came that a rich man like him was occupying a front room in Orsetto Road. She handed Mrs. Fluke a gin-and-Italian. "Really? Where was that?"

MR. RIVERS made a gesture with his soft white hands. "The big house on the corner of the King's Road and Melton Avenue—No. 98. As a matter of fact, my family's lived there for more than a hundred years. You must come to see me when I'm settled. You, too, Mrs. Fluke, I hope?"

"Glad to," the landlady promised. "No. 98! Well I never! I used to stare at that house when I was a girl," she recalled, "wondering who lived in it Fancy, it was you! I'm glad you've found an investment for Mr. Sheridan's money. 'E'd have wasted it inside of a month or two."

The financier's gold tooth gleamed. "Oh, I was only too glad to do what I could to help."

"Auntie!" the young man shouted across the room. "Another treat for you to-morrow. We're getting married first thing. Really!"

Mrs. Fluke turned to the girl, who smiled. "We decided a few minutes ago. The company are paying him ten pounds a week salary and——"

"Ten pounds!"

Mr. Rivers, appealed to, shrugged in the way of a man to whom ten pounds means nothing.

"But how can you have a honeymoon," Mrs. Fluke asked, scandalised, "when you're only just starting work?"

"Oh—we don't want a honeymoon!" Mr. Sheridan told her impatiently. "We can have one later, sometime. Here, have another drink, Auntie, and give us a toast, eh?"

Mrs. Fluke left them to it after a while. She was thoughtful later as she pottered about in the kitchen filling her three hot-water bottles ready for bed.

Next morning, dressed in his best suit, Mr. Sheridan telephoned to the Registrar, fixing the ceremony, after some comment from him, at 12.30. Then he sat down to wait as patiently as he could.

THE world always seemed a good sort of a place to Mr. Sheridan: this morning he could imagine nothing more blissful, sublime. A good job, his money well and safely invested, and at last he was going to marry the girl he was really crazy about. . . .

Annie, the maid, was crossing the landing with a breakfast tray when she saw through the half-opened door Mrs. Fluke standing at the window of Mr. Rivers's room with an empty suit-case in her hand.

The landlady's word was law to her—in fact, she slavishly copied everything Mrs. Fluke did—and she could see now that something had happened. "What is it, M'm?" Annie asked.

"'E's gorn," the landlady announced, without looking round. "Come in and shut the door. Cleared out with all 'is clothes: left two empty cases. We'll 'ave to tell Mr. Sheridan."

"Mr. Rivers *gorn* M'm? What about the money?"

Mrs. Fluke nodded. "What about it! Someone's got to tell 'im. Why, that Mr. Rivers was no better than a low-down thief. Mr. Sheridan paid 'im the money last night and 'e clears out before mornin'! Would you believe it, Annie! Well, I suppose I got to tell them. Tell 'im I want to speak to 'im up 'ere. 'E's in the lounge, dear. Run along!"

Called from his daydreams downstairs, Mr. Sheridan came bounding up to Mrs. Fluke's star bedroom. He pulled up short at the door. "Where's Mr. Rivers?" he asked. "I've been waiting for him and——"

Mrs. Fluke indicated the empty suit-case and the stripped wardrobe behind her. "'E's a wrong 'un," she said. "'E's gorn! Went in the night! I wanted to break it to you gentle. . . ."

Mr. Sheridan had turned white. "My God!" he managed to say. "Cleared off with all that money I gave him. And all that talk about a job with the film company. . . . What am I going to do now?"

"STOP moaning for a start," suggested Miss Desmond. The news had spread mysteriously through the house, and Mrs. Fluke shut the door behind this latest arrival. "I always knew that man had something wrong about him. The crook!"

"He's got the lot!" moaned Mr. Sheridan. "Every cent of it. Oh, my gosh! And we were going to get married this morning."

"You're not going to put it orf again?" Mrs. Fluke faltered.

"The old boy at the register office is getting a bit difficult to handle, and I've got to telephone to the police."

"Well," said the landlady, "after the ceremony we can 'ave a glass of ruby wine and a bit o' cake, and then you can telephone——"

"We ought to get after that man," Miss Desmond insisted. "The police can catch him and get the money back."

Mr. Sheridan seemed to wake up. "Set the police on him!" he cried. "How can we get married without any money?"

"Didn't seem to stop you before," Mrs. Fluke observed.

"I'm going to telephone to Scotland Yard now," the young man decided. "And to the Registrar. I'm not going to be pushed into this marriage and sponge on my wife."

"Why!" exclaimed his fiancée. "*Pushed* into—I wouldn't marry you now, Teddie Sheridan, if you were the last man in the world. I'd sooner——"

"Children!" Mrs. Fluke called. Her voice had a stern ring—the tones she usually reserved for the fishmonger or the boy from the grocer's whose habit it was, if not watched, to pick at the sun blisters in the paint of the back-door.

But a motherly look lingered in her eyes as she turned from one to the other of this young bridal pair. Next to a good funeral, Mrs. Fluke loved a wedding best. "I've 'ad enough of this nonsense. You're going to get married at 12.30 this morning, and you're going orf on your 'oneymoon."

"On one-and-eightpence!" sneered Mr. Sheridan, producing the coins from his trouser pocket to support the theory.

"You two are going to be wed this morning, and when me an' Annie 'ave seen you joined as man and wife you're going orf on your 'oneymoon. And I'll tell you why. That Mr. Rivers is gorn—true. I more than 'arf expected 'im to 'op it."

"You—what?"

"When I see a man's laundry, like I did larst night, with a different name on almost every piece," said Mrs. Fluke, "it makes me think. And when I hear a man say, like I 'eard 'im larst night, as 'e was born and raised at the corner 'ouse, No. 98—it makes me think harder still."

A short laugh escaped the landlady. "No. 98! As if I wouldn't know old Mrs. Gordon and 'er father 'as lived there for as long as I can remember. me as 'as lived in the district for sixty years."

Mrs. Fluke tugged at her bodice and laid a thick envelope on the table, and beside it a sheet of notepaper. "There's your money, m'dears!" she exclaimed. "It's all there. I found it under 'is mattress while you was all busy at the party larst night.

"WHEN that thief got back to 'is room an' missed it, 'e must 'a' known I was on to 'im, and 'opped it. Read the letter I turned up in 'is papers—asking him to report. It's from the Probation Officer at the Old Bailey. A convict on licence, and you 'and 'im all your money!

"Now your Aunty Emmie 'as saved your money, go orf and get ready. I'll keep this money until you get back from Margate, and——"

"Margate!" echoed Mr. Sheridan.

"That's where you're going for your 'oneymoon, duckies. Like me an' Gabriel, my late lamented." Mrs. Fluke's eyes moistened at the memory. "Get along now, the both of you!"

It seemed to Mr. Sheridan that it was not a bad idea.

"Well," Miss Desmond reflected, "after all, I *have* got the day off. . . ."

The Human Machine

Cut It Out!

"DO you think there is going to be a war?" said one man to another. "No," was the reply. "I didn't think so last September, and I don't think so now.

"I can't understand people who go about all day long in a state of uneasiness. I go about my business just as I always did, and if everyone else did the same, life would be a great deal happier for all of us."

The other man sighed. "I wish I could think as you do," he said. "Why don't you?" said his friend. "No one's stopping you."

This is a true story, and the sequel is also true; for the timid one was so taken aback by the blunt question of his friend that he began to ask himself precisely on what his mental jitters were based.

And the more he thought, the less foundation he was able to find. Within a week he was feeling better. In a couple of weeks he had forgotten that he was ever rattled.

He's a happy and contented man to-day because he had the courage to perform a surgical operation on himself and cut right out of his system the cancer of fear.

It can't be said too often. If something is worrying you, either do something about it—or forget it.

If you can think up any remedy, apply it and save your mental health from collapse by concrete action. If there's nothing to be done, then why go on worrying?

"Worry" is a rather vague term for "problem." Problems are puzzles that are capable of solution. If your brain is even a little bit higher than the cabbage variety you can at least think up a possible solution.

If it doesn't work, then either think up another or put the whole thing out of your mind.

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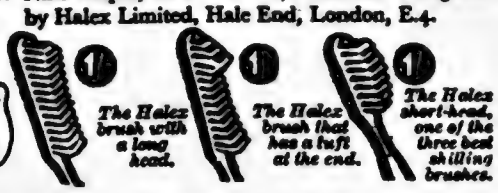
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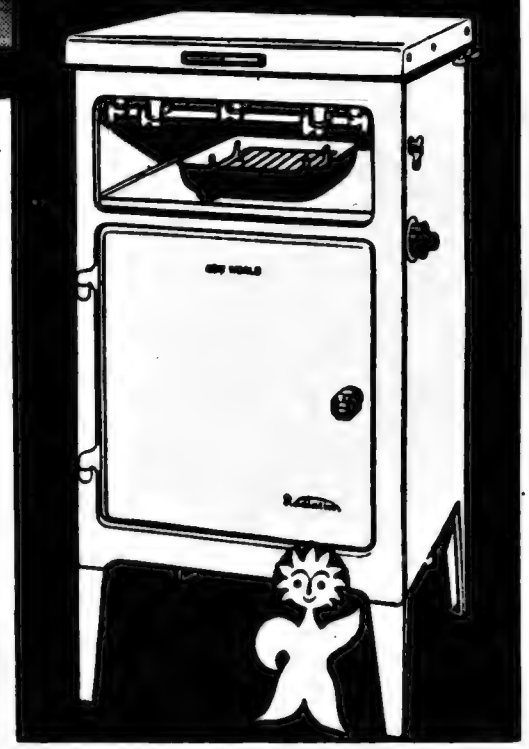

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"White Man Must Die!"

"THEM police went and done it. . . . Why must they shoot poor niggers down? Someone's got to dead in turn. Some white man. . . ."

That was the warning of Sam, my overseer. As I sat in the sunshine on my bungalow veranda, I wondered what he could have meant.

A coloured man and a woman had been shot down for rioting the day before in Dominica. The blacks all over the island were enraged. They had wild ideas of vengeance, but they knew as well as I did that a British warship was due next morning.

They had only till dawn to revenge themselves.

I was annoyed at the situation, but not perturbed, for the labourers who worked on San Michel were all right. They were not among the strikers and rioters. I had talked to them, explained the difficulties, proved that I myself was in a bad way since my canes were fetching scarcely anything.

Yet suspense hung over the beautiful island. Something sinister was in the air. The authorities anticipated it and had been enlisting special constables.

Like all the other planters, I had been warned by 'phone to look out for incendiaries.

But why had Sam said "Someone's got to dead in turn." And why, when he warned me, had he seemed to be repeating someone else's words?

Towards sunset he came up the veranda steps. A tall, slightly built nigger, he had been with me for three years, and I never questioned his loyalty. But this evening the usual sheepish grin was missing from his thin, hatchet face. He looked plainly distressed.

"The man, regardless of the revolver in my hand, sprang at me"

I looked him straight in the eyes.

"What's the matter, Sam?"

He hesitated before he replied: "Boss, I 'fraid for you."

"Why?" I asked. "Surely my people here are to be trusted? And what did you mean about a white man's turn?"

"It ain't me who says it, Boss. It's the leader."

"Who do you mean?"

"Mr. Johnson," said Sam. "He done it."

Johnson! Familiarly called Sonny Johnson, this agitator was a terror throughout the islands, deported frequently from one West Indian island to another, but always evading a return to his native British Guiana.

He had been in Trinidad when the riots started there; in St. Vincent, St. Kitts, and Barbados—wherever there was trouble.

Yet the police could pin nothing down on him. Partly educated, he was too oily and slick for the natives, and they fell for his inflammatory oratory.

"So you say Johnson is back of the troubles here, eh?" I asked.

At this direct question Sam's mouth went clamp shut. He stared at me with the irritating dumbness so characteristic of the West Indian black. He didn't know — anyhow, not for certain.

"But you said so?"

"Only hearsay, Boss," he replied evasively. "You must not take de nigger's word for de Gospel, sah."

The telephone rang at this moment, and, as I got up to answer, Sam let out a loud yell, turned, and bolted. A lurid flame shot up against the darkening sky, some distance to the south. The canes had been set ablaze on an estate a few miles away. Where would it stop?

I PICKED up the receiver. Police headquarters were speaking.

"Rioters are out of hand. Fires everywhere and looting," was the grim information. "Are you all right?"

"At present," I said, telling them briefly of the situation.

"Perhaps later we may be able to send you two or three men, but you must be prepared to defend yourself. You've got a gun ready?"

I said "Yes," and they rang off. I went into my bedroom and loaded both my guns and my service revolver. It was lonely in the bungalow, but I dared not leave it or it would certainly be burnt down with all the canes on the plantation.

Fires everywhere and looting! Around eight o'clock, under an angry red sky and a pall of black smoke, I went out for a round-up of the storehouses and outbuildings. Nothing there.

Revolver in hand, I walked among the canes. All was silence for a while. Then I heard a rustle not far away. I crouched.

FROM out of the darkness three forms appeared.

As they came closer I saw two men and a woman.

To my surprise, the foremost was Sam. The others were strangers. I almost showed myself in my relief at seeing Sam, but second thoughts prevailed. Was he treacherous? What were these three up to?

Back in the bungalow, I laughed at my fears. True, estates were being sabotaged all around me and I was so far untouched.

I knew I had the reputation of being a generous boss. Why should they burn my estate?

On the other hand, there was Sam's ominous phrase—someone has to die — someone white. Pooh! Not me, anyway. I mixed myself a drink and went to bed. Soon I slept.

Around midnight I was startled out of sleep, and instinctively felt I was not alone. Someone *was* standing over me. A horrible moment.

Then I reached for my torchlight, and as I did so powerful hands seized my wrists and clamped them as in a vice.

I struggled fiercely to free myself and began to shout, when a whisper in my ear, full of foreboding, caused me to stop short.

"Hush, hush! Boss, don't make noise. It's Sam." He let go of my wrists and I sat up. "De cellar," he whispered—and vanished noiselessly.

The cellar! What did he mean? There was a cellar beneath the bungalow where I kept a few casks of rum. Were the blacks proposing to loot that?

I rose silently and crept out, my revolver ready. There were sounds from below, and soon I saw the game. The man and woman who had arrived with Sam had piled dry stubble in the cellar and were laying sticks of dynamite. Sam was standing aside watching them.

"Hands up!" I shouted, "or I shoot!"

The man, regardless of the revolver, sprang at me with a knife in his hand. I dodged and he missed. In reply, I slugged him one in the groin, and with a shriek he fell to the ground.

"Help me to truss these two, Sam," I cried.

SAM refused. He dare not, he said. If he did he would be a traitor to "de poor black folks." So I locked them in the cellar while I went to ring up the police.

Officers came quickly. They dispersed a mob waiting in the canes to fire them the moment the bungalow was blown up. To their surprise, the man I had caught red-handed was Sonny Johnson.

Next day, with surprising nigger ingenuousness, my labourers, wearing huge grins, came back to work. They were delighted that I had escaped the death prepared for me. I was to have been the white man to die—Mr. Johnson had decreed it. And that was why my property was left till last.

"Sam," I asked my foreman, "do you tell me you agreed to that?"

"Well, yo' see, Boss," he drawled, "we agree with that nigger when he say burn down them canes, for, yo' see, we niggers got to get revenge."

Then he took my breath away:

"When that nigger talk 'bout blowing you up alive in the house, sah, I could not stand for such cruelty and injustice, for I is a Christian, too, Boss."

Reader's Story by
ADOLF G. JEFFREY,
Roseau, Dominica, B.W.I

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★ Let Humanist Help You ★

ARE YOU THIN-SKINNED?

DOES a slighting word send you down to the depths of despair?

Several readers have written lately to say they are continually being hurt by criticism.

Every little pinprick seems to rankle.

"When people say nice things about me or my work," says one young man, "I am pleased, naturally, for about five minutes. Then I forget about them.

"But when they say something a bit sarcastic I can't forget it. I go on brooding about it for days and nights. Yes, nights, too, I lie awake worrying.

"I know I ought not to be so sensitive about these trifles. I wish I had the tough hide of a rhinoceros, but I am not made that way. So I am always being 'hurt,' often by people whose opinion does not matter in the least.

"No doubt I shall get hardened in time, but it does not seem like it. I seem to get more sensitive instead of less. Can you tell me whether it is possible to find a remedy and so make life more tolerable?"

QUACK remedies cannot cure this kind of trouble, but there are several things to be said which may be helpful.

The first is that the person who is sensitive to suffering is generally sensitive to pleasure and therefore has some compensations.

The artist who is hurt by ugliness is enchanted by beauty, but he cannot have the one without the other.

My correspondent wants the hide of a rhinoceros, but surely he does not want to feel indifferent to all emotions? If so, he must envy the peace of mind of a garden cabbage.

The other comfort may sound rather like a contradiction, but it is not really so. It is about the little pinpricks which hurt so badly. When a person is healthy in body a tiny scratch quickly heals itself, but if his health is bad the smallest scratch begins to fester. . . .

The same is true of mental pinpricks. If they rankle and become inflamed there must be something unhealthy in the mind.

There is some insidious poison within. It may be jealousy, self-love, self-pity, or a feeling of failure. Once get rid of these poisons and the little criticisms can do no serious harm.

The point to grasp is that there are two kinds of sensitiveness. One is the sensitiveness of the fine instrument and may be admirable; the other is the morbid sensitiveness of the person whose mental health is poor and who needs injections of common-sense.

Here is another letter on a similar subject:

"I am in the peculiar position of knowing what is wrong with me, but am unable to do anything about it. You see, I am a genuine 'sensitive child,' and, believe me, it's no joke.

"When I was at school I was constantly laughed at by the other boys. I was put into long trousers before the others, and that caused endless mirth at my expense. It seems a small thing now, but at the time I went through hell.

"I left school at sixteen and fell violently in love. I would have done anything for that girl, but she just laughed at me.

"The affair, such as it was, did not last long; but it has had its effect. I hardly dare to speak to girls now and always imagine they are secretly laughing at me.

"I am a photographer with fair chances of success, but if anyone criticises a picture I resent it and take it personally. Even when I know the picture is bad I can't take criticism.

"I know that it is silly of me to mind these things, and I do sit down and make myself look at things in perspective. But it still doesn't help.

"I know that if I don't cure myself soon I shall lose confidence and just become a 'flop.' And I can't afford that to happen. What can be done?

"If you can suggest any solution to me I shall be eternally grateful."

As I have already pointed out, there are two kinds of sensitiveness, but this young man suffers from both at once.

That idea of sitting quietly down and trying to see things in perspective is perfectly sound. Why, then, has it not made him less sensitive?

I think I can guess. I believe that he has been looking backwards, noting his failures, magnifying his mistakes, and recalling the sufferings of years ago. He ought to dismiss them from his thoughts and look forwards.

When he knows that a photograph is bad he should admit it quite frankly. If a picture is bad, no amount of praise and flattery will make it good. If it is good, no sneers and sarcastic remarks can make it bad.

This may sound plain horse-sense, but all writers and artists should take it to heart and grasp what it implies. It means just one thing: that what people say makes absolutely no difference to the intrinsic quality of the thing itself.

The same truth applies to people, too. A man is what he is, and neither extravagant praise nor savage criticism makes any real difference. Why should we worry about what anybody says about us? "They say? . . . Let them say."

● HUMANIST

Invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

HERE is a letter on a subject which is rather unusual:

"I would like your advice. I am wondering whether I am right in accusing my wife, but this is the position.

"Every holiday she keeps worrying me over money, telling me she can't manage, and yet I give her plenty. Last August, instead of taking a holiday by the sea, I gave the £10 to my wife towards a new bedroom suite, but even then she asked for more. As I am not paid for holidays, this was a bit heavy on me.

"At Christmas she spoke about a Christmas-box, but when I told her she had had it last August the fat was in the fire.

"Now to come to my grievance. I lost my wallet in the house, and while looking for it among the winter clothes I found a bundle of pound notes! I did not touch them, but they have been moved away again.

"This proves that my wife had plenty of savings, and that she was lying to me when she kept telling me that she could not make ends meet. I have not let on that I have seen her nest-egg.

"You see I am the only bread-winner in the house and I feel that the money should be half mine. Ought I to tell her that I know or shall I keep it secret and continue to put up with her pleadings of poverty?

"Is it fair to me? We are both young and I must do something about it. Please give me your advice."

I am afraid this man's wife has a mania for hoarding. She has the instincts of the miser, and I imagine she finds a secret satisfaction in continually counting and fingering her thick wad of notes.

This love of money has become an obsession, and in order to increase her hoard she will squeeze every farthing from her husband and reduce the housekeeping expenses to starvation-point.

The man thinks that half this money is rightly his! Well, if the wife has saved from her own personal allowance it is really hers; but if, as I gather, she has scraped it from the household expenses it all belongs to the man who earned it.

In the eyes of the law, all money saved from housekeeping belongs to the one who earned it. Legally he can claim it all!

But I think he would be acting wisely if he claimed only the half.

Otherwise there is is no incentive to be economical.

Should he tell his wife that he knows about her hoard?

The answer is that he should for several reasons: (1) It is honest: (2) it will prevent further extortionate demands; (3) it will put an end to the continual pleading of poverty.

But I suggest that a pleasanter way of tackling such a situation would be to say something like this: "It is a jolly good idea of yours to save a little money for the future.

"Let's do it together and have a joint account."

By this means the secret mania could be kept within reasonable limits, and there would be no more unpleasant feeling that one was working against the other.

Look Out for It!

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It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'

IT'S so quiet in the room that you could hear a pin drop—even the tiniest, most inoffensive pin. Brows are furrowed in thought . . . hands hover over the pieces uncertainly. You're as still as a statue—*yet all the time you're giving off perspiration.* Yes, even when you're sitting still you can be giving off as much as a pint and a half of perspiration a day scientists tell us. It's not unpleasant—it's perfectly natural; in fact, it's highly necessary to the body's health. What *is* unpleasant is your leaving the perspiration to go stale in the pores. That's what causes 'B.O.' Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. Washing with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap, with its deep-cleansing antiseptic lather, removes the waste products that are the cause of 'B.O.' and leaves your whole body clean and refreshed. Notice how grand you feel after a bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap — you just couldn't have 'B.O.' after that!

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The latest discoveries of Medical Scientists have brought new hope to Sufferers with Eczema, Bad Legs, Psoriasis and other Skin Diseases. This booklet describes the causes of many Skin Troubles and their modern treatment. Send postcard for your copy now to Dept. A.

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WHAT could be easier than to place the whole meal in the oven—joint, vegetables and sweet—and forget all about it until it's time for it to come out again! This is what is offered by cooking the "Regulo" way, that is, with the exclusive "Regulo" Control. Get particulars at once of this amazing way of cooking and a FREE Recipe Book which provides many helpful suggestions. Simply fill in the coupon on p. 25, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. S 24 9), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Consider Your Verdict —5—

Sent to the Scaffold for a False Moustache!

On the evening before she died she was in a public-house with a man. Who was he?

by Our Famous Crime Reporter—

STANLEY BISHOP

THROUGH the slightly opened windows of Norwich Assize Court comes the sound of cattle in the Market Square.

County folk and business men of the city are packed knee-to-knee in the dark-panelled seats. And at one side of the Bench the Norfolk jury of twelve good men and true sit in an oblong pen.

The Judge, with a diamond of black cloth across his grey wig, has just finished speaking:

"... from here to the prison in which you were last confined, and from thence to a place of lawful execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and your body buried within the precincts of the prison.

"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The young, slim, dark-eyed man in the dock hears those terrible words. He smiles and bows.

HE hears the sentence of death—his death — with an imperturbable casualness, and a second later, on the way to the cells, says to a prison warder:

"It's the newspapers that have done this for me."

Three weeks later, on a March day in 1901, they hanged Herbert John Bennett in Norwich Jail for the murder of his wife on Yarmouth beach.

At that time there was no Court of Criminal Appeal. If there had been, I do not think he would ever have gone to the scaffold.

To this day there is grave doubt about his guilt.

Talking to me about murder and murderers, the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., most famous of all criminal barristers, who defended Bennett, said "I shall never believe that he was guilty."

Well, you shall see for yourselves. . . .

Early on a Sunday morning in late September an excited lad dashed up to a Yarmouth policeman and gasped out that he had seen a woman lying on the sands. Her face looks "funny" and he thought she was dead. Police went with him to the south shore. And there they saw the young woman, lying in a hollow of the sands. She *was* dead, and a first glance showed she had been murdered. There were bruises on her face, a bootlace was wound tightly round her neck and twice knotted.

She had been throttled with the bootlace, reported the police surgeon later, and added that there had been a vicious assault.

Yarmouth detectives moved quickly. Soon they had a great deal of local information about the victim.

She had arrived in Yarmouth the week before with an infant child and had taken lodgings for a fortnight.

About herself she had said very little, but she had mentioned to the lodging-house keeper that she was a widow, and that her "brother-in-law," who was jealously in love with her, was also staying in Yarmouth.

One day the young "widow" had a photograph taken on the beach. That photograph—copies of which were printed in various newspapers—was of paramount importance when Bennett faced his trial.

It showed the woman wearing a long chain. The chain, according to the landlady, was made of gold. It was strangely made, and the dead woman *always wore it.*

BUT this chain *was not* on the body found on the sands and was not at the lodgings.

Note that point—it was one which helped to hang a man.

On the Saturday evening before the murder the woman put her child to bed and then went out. Later she was in a public-house with a man dressed in a grey suit, with a rather peculiar, high-necked waistcoat.

This man had a fine black moustache, with waxed ends. He wore a black soft hat.

Who was he? Was he the jealous "brother-in-law" or just a chance seaside friend?

A startling fact came to light right at the beginning of the investigation:

Two persons had "heard" the murder committed, and had *seen* the murderer. They were a young man and his sweetheart, who had been sitting on the beach.

They had heard sounds coming from the sand hollow thirty yards away in which the body was found next morning.

They had heard the cry of a woman: "Oh! Mercy! Mercy!" and afterwards a low moaning.

"WHY didn't you do something when you heard all that?" the police asked the young man.

His reply was natural enough. "I did not think for a moment a woman was being murdered," he said.

Yarmouth sands on a fine Saturday night is a popular lovers' resort, and the police must have known that a young man—unless he is looking for trouble—will not investigate every sound he hears.

Detectives found great difficulty in establishing the identity of the murdered woman. Her landlady could not help and there were no letters to show from where she came.

They pinned their faith on a laundry mark on her clothing, and issued a description of the clue.

Through the London newspapers came the news that the mark had been allotted by a Bexley, Kent, laundry to a "Mrs. Bartlett," living at Bexley Heath.

After that, with the aid of the picture taken by a seaside photographer, the woman was traced.

She was the "Mrs. Bartlett" who had lived with her child alone in a house at Bexley Heath, with a husband who paid only occasional visits to the home.

But the house in which "Mrs. Bartlett" had lived was shut up. The husband had given notice to end the tenancy, had paid down three months' rent and removed the furniture.

Now where was this elusive husband? Extraordinary that he did not come forward, because the whole country knew that the pretty young victim of the "Yarmouth Sands Murder" was his wife.

A hue and cry was raised and the London newspapers got busy.

SOON a reporter learned, and published, the fact that "Bartlett" was only an assumed name.

The real name of the dead woman's husband was Herbert John Bennett, a labourer employed in Woolwich Arsenal at 30s. a week.

Police went after Herbert John

(*Continued on page 32*)

NOT KNOWN AT NUMBER TEN

The Postman read and re-read the address. The writing had been clear enough to start with. But it had been splashed with rain on its way to the pillar box and, falling amongst other letters, had been hopelessly smudged.

That letter is only one amongst the many that fail to arrive or are delayed because the ink used for writing them has washed out or smudged on exposure to rain.

Moral. Write every letter, every note, every postcard, every cheque with Stephens' clear, easy-flowing **Blue-Black** ink. Stephens' Ink will not smudge or run or fade. Even after immersion in the sea, when air-mail planes have crashed, Stephens' ink is clear and legible.

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The famous Fill-pen bottle is the perfect quick, economical way to fill a fountain pen. The standard Stephens' bottles are ideal for home and office use.

Stephens' Fountain pens are perfect writing instruments for a lifetime's service. From 21/- to 5/6 each.

HENRY C. STEPHENS, LTD,
57 Aldersgate St. London, E.C.1

Treat your wife to a Guinness

When you drink your Guinness after work this evening—when you enjoy that incomparably clean flavour—say to yourself "I believe my WIFE would like this!" As you feel the invigoration that Guinness always brings, say "She's had as hard a day as I have. I'll get a couple of bottles on the way home. *I'll treat her to a Guinness tonight!*" She'll soon find that Guinness, though dark to look at, is light to drink. Full of body and strength, but so clean and refreshing. The very taste is invigorating.

Doctors recommend Guinness. A doctor* writes "As a tonic for women, I consider Guinness to be unequalled."

Like any other tonic, Guinness should be taken regularly. Let your wife prove for herself that "A Guinness a Day is Good for You."

**In a letter quoted with special permission.*

G.B. 674

Choose YOUR OWN TUNING

WE know that most of you would like one of the new methods of tuning—either armchair control or press buttons—but some of you will not find it convenient to pay the extra cost, so we've made them *optional* on nearly all sets. If you buy a Murphy set today you can have a complete first-class radio keeping up our standard of reproduction and reliability—and you can *add* armchair control or press buttons to it if and when you feel inclined. Many of you will want one of the new methods right away, but if you can't make up your mind now, you can always decide later. Either way, you can have what *you* want when *you* want it.

One thing is certain, Murphy sets with or without these new tuning methods, are as good as we know how to make them. Ask friends who have Murphy sets what *they* think about them.

E. J. POWER, *Managing Director.*

MURPHY ARMCHAIR-CONTROL ENABLES YOU, with most of the new Murphy sets, to tune six stations (limited only by local conditions) by means of press buttons and control the volume without moving from your chair. The unit can be used up to 14 feet away from your set, and when not in use becomes part of the receiver. Can be fitted to A.C. models only. The Press Button Unit can be fitted to most new Murphy sets and gives you the same choice of press button stations, but once fitted, it is, of course, a fixture in the set.

PRESS BUTTON UNIT
CASH PRICE **£1. 15**

ARMCHAIR CONTROL
CASH PRICE **£3. 10**

70 MAINS TABLE MODEL. Every ounce of value in this all-wave superhet receiver has gone into solid construction, sound performance, and high quality reproduction. You can enjoy a world-wide selection of programmes tuned easily by means of the 2-speed tuning control and 3-colour scale. Continuously variable tone control is included and facilities for adding either of the special Murphy units. Cabinet in light and dark walnut.

A.C. MODEL CASH PRICE **£10. 5**
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Murphy Models include:
TABLE MODELS - - - *from £5*
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HIRE PURCHASE TERMS ARE AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS

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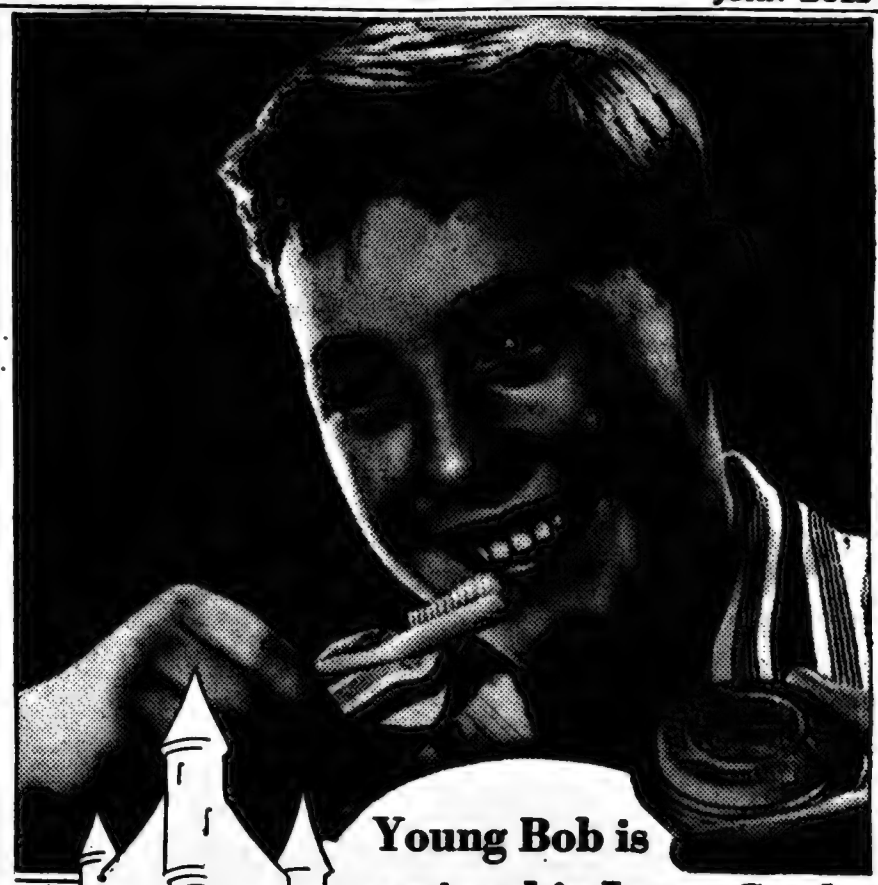
Prices do not apply in Eire. Murphy Radio Limited, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire

C.R.C. 81



Young Bob is saving his Ivory Castles —*and his mother 1½d*
now Gibbs is down in price

Bob approves of the breezy "tang" of Gibbs! Mother is glad Gibbs is reduced in price. She buys a tin for everyone in the family—at a real big saving now! Gibbs has always been the world's most economical dentifrice. It *lasts*—the children can't spill or waste it—and it is usable up to the very last brushful. Why don't *you* invest in the Dentifrice that dentists approve? Its penetrating, antiseptic foam sweeps away anything that could cause decay; it kills germs, neutrallses acids; is as effective for the heavy smoker as it is safe for children's teeth. Buy Gibbs at the new price *today*.

Your teeth are *Ivory Castles* *defend them with—*

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Psoriasis, all Skin Diseases & Bad Legs. Sufferers should write to us at once, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed. Send 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

This offer is open until May 31 only.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD, Ltd., *Medical Skin Specialists*, BRADFORD, YORKS.

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I have a simple but WONDERFUL REMEDY for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, and "acid" complaints. Not a drug nor medicine, but a tropical plant called HERVEA. A beverage is made of the tiny leaf which you prepare and drink like ordinary "Tea." No trouble or fuss, you make it in your own home; the RELIEF IS FELT AT ONCE, and becomes evident more and more every day. Hundreds of people in all ranks of life have received lasting benefit and have sent me letters praising this wonderful little plant. Drink a cupful of HERVEA each morning and you will feel a different being. The reason is that it expels the uric acid poisons and PREVENTS NEW ACCUMULATIONS of further acid deposits in the system.

FREE TRIAL PACKET

Just send me your name and address, stating Mr., Mrs., or Miss, also a stamp for postage, and I will post you Free of Charge a trial package. If you feel that you are getting benefit I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. I do not vend patent medicines, but can say, from long experience, that the product now offered is most effective for Rheumatism and allied complaints, and what it has done for others after years of suffering it will do for you, if you will give it a fair trial. Address:

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ALE or STOUT

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The Pure Triple-Strength Extract of Malt and Hops. Free Yeast with Each Tin—Simply add Cold Water. Get a Shilling tin of Viggormalt today from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International Co-ops, Parkes or any Store Chemist or Grocer; or send stamps or P.O. for 1/- direct to Viggormalt, Ltd., Dept. T.C., Davigdor Rd., Hove, Sussex. Post Free U.K. and Eire. Foreign postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

KIDNEY AILMENTS

Mrs. Allanson, Leeds, writes:- "I suffered terribly from Kidney Trouble caused through my confinement, and had five fits. I lost over 3 stones and could not walk. My gums and tongue were pure white, and I suffered dreadful nights. I was told my kidneys were permanently damaged and nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Vitadatic and it has worked wonders. I cannot thank you enough for the wonderful benefit I have derived from it. My kidneys have now been tested again and found to be perfect."

If you suffer from Kidney, Liver or Stomach Trouble, Vitadatic can help you! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.).

From VITADATIC, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** KA 121

All Very Fishy!

A penn'orth of fish, a penn'orth of chips—
You just say "One-and-one" and get it!
Though if in rich Belgravia
You dwell, perchance you've never met it.
But tasty snacks of "one-and-one"
Elsewhere are called for by the ton.

In future, though, these potent words
May be deprived of all their magic,
And fried-fish fans be left to face
A future desolate and tragic—
For "one-and-one," if rumour's true,
May soon be raised to "two-and-two"!

EVEN when we are being given each day our daily crisis, it comes as a shock to learn of a proposal to be put before the Federation of Fish Friers which would result in "a penn'orth of each" being banished from ten thousand fish emporia.

Not wishing to spread alarmist rumours, let me say that ere these words find their way to the homes of admiring readers the crisis may have been surmounted. But the friers, who accuse trawler-owners of charging too much, don't seem in a mood for appeasement.

It is commonly asserted that the roast beef of Old England has made us what we are to-day—not that that is anything to swank about! But in numerous quarters the fried fish of Old England is much more familiar, and a penny on the price thereof might mean that many an Eastender would have to do the Lambeth Walk on an empty stomach.

Regarding the merits of the dispute between trawler-owners and fish-friers, I express no view. But both should be warned that boys of the Bulldog breed are not such poor fish as to submit tamely to exploitation.

The man-about-Camden-Town or the diner-out of Hoxton, who now struggles through a barrage of steam and planks his tuppence on a zinc-topped bar with the air of a bookmaker ordering another magnum of champagne, may in future have a night-out on spinach and rusks if the price of a fish-and-chips spree is to be raised from 2d. to 4d.

Or, turning his back on cod and haddock, he may decide to encourage the British shrimp, which, as the Ministry of Agriculture has lately told us, is not guilty of using make-up like foreign hussies of the shrimp world.

You may or may not believe it, my dears, but the Algerian shrimp, born black, is dyed pink before reaching Continental restaurants. But our own shrimps acquire their rich Anglo-Indian complexions in the same way as pukka memsahibs. "They are," says Whitehall, "greenish-grey when caught and become pink when boiled."

Oh, dear! Ah me! if only we,
Before it is too late,
Could but induce some Glamour Girls
The shrimp to emulate!
With lotions and cosmetics they
Have sedulously toiled,
But not a few that we have met
Would be much better boiled!

Y. Z.

Not from the B.B.C.

The end of "a penn'orth of each"

Continuing "Consider Your Verdict"

Was It Blackmail?

Bennett and caught him in his lodgings in South London.

And in his room they found a false moustache—Bennett was clean-shaven—a wig, and a long linked gold chain, which he admitted belonged to his wife.

Questioned, he made statements which were full of silly, obvious untruths. He could not explain why he had not come forward when he realised his wife was dead.

He pretended he knew nothing of her murder and that the Bexley Heath house was given up because they had separated.

The case against him was building up substantially.

POLICE found that he was engaged to marry another young woman. They also knew beyond all doubt that he accompanied his wife and child to Yarmouth—had indeed suggested the holiday to her—but did not go to the lodgings.

Further, they knew that he was in Yarmouth on the night of the murder, although he strenuously denied it.

The landlord of the public-house where Mrs. Bennett was drinking on the Saturday night said that Bennett—if he had not been clean-shaven—was exactly like the woman's companion. And there was the false moustache in Bennett's room.

There was also the telling point of the gold chain which his wife was wearing on the night she died—no gold chain on the body, but a gold chain in Bennett's keeping.

A hard case to answer on trial? The defence found it so, particularly as Bennett—because of the lies he had told even to his own solicitor—could not be put into the witness-box to testify on his own behalf.

All the weight of circumstantial evidence was against the prisoner. And a chain of circumstance, bound link to link, may be far stronger in proof than the direct evidence of eye-witnesses.

In addition there was good reason for Bennett's remark to the warder. He *had* been unfairly treated by the newspapers.

Why there was never a writ for contempt of court—particularly against one evening newspaper—is a mystery.

The Yarmouth "murderer" was condemned before the case came to court.

Strong attack was made by Bennett's counsel on this "trial by newspaper," and young Marshall Hall referred to one reporter as: "This g-h-o-u-l—I spell the word lest there should be some mistake."

No wonder the jury decided Bennett had killed his wife.

Unfortunately, many things seem to show that, if they did not make a mistake, at least they failed to see serious discrepancies.

About the damning evidence of the gold chain. There is no doubt at all that Mrs. Bennett owned two long gold chains, which she wore round her neck.

She wore one when she was photographed on Yarmouth beach. It was the only one she was known to have with her, and it appeared to be quite different from the chain in Bennett's possession.

This was explained by the prosecution's saying that the photograph was out of focus.

Although the landlord of the public-house said that Bennett was like the man drinking with Mrs. Bennett—allowing for his moustache disguise—his barman said that the woman's companion was much older.

The man in the public-house was dressed in distinctive clothes. No such clothes were found in Bennett's belongings.

It is inconceivable, surely, that if Bennett destroyed the clothes on his return to London, he did not also destroy the false moustache and wig which it was suggested he was wearing.

AND why, in the name of reason, a disguise when a man is drinking with his own wife in a seaside bar?

There was also the story of a witness from Lowestoft, who declared that on the day after the body was found, a middle-aged man, with his face badly scratched, entered his shop and asked for a paper with the best account of the murder.

One of the boots which this man was wearing—and he had a black waxed pointed moustache—was without a lace. The stranger could never be traced.

Moreover, the nature of the attack on Mrs. Bennett did not suggest that her husband was responsible.

Unquestionably he was a rogue. He had lived by his wits with his wife as his assistant. They had practised a number of minor frauds on householders.

Bennett, before the murder, was working for 30s. a week. Yet he always had plenty of money.

I know there is a suggestion that Bennett was a spy and was working in Woolwich Arsenal and selling information.

But it is hardly likely that he could have used his position as a labourer to much advantage.

My suggestion is that Bennett and his attractive young wife were together engaged in a blackmail racket. She was the lure to inveigle an ardent, foolish middle-aged man, and then—when the lover was compromised—Bennett would appear as the outraged husband or indignant brother-in-law. Hush-money followed—otherwise exposure.

Accept that theory, and all that is known about Bennett fits.

THE plot between man and wife was to be brought to its climax. But something went wrong. Mrs. Bennett had picked her dupe badly.

Bennett found that night his wife had been murdered, fled back to London and lay in hiding because he realised that the circumstances involved him in the crime.

Do you accept that theory, or do you say—as the Norfolk jury said—that Bennett was guilty of murder?

Do you think that when he went out to meet the hangman on that wet March morning he was suffering for a crime he did not commit? Either way he was a scoundrel. But a murderer?

SICK HEADACHES bring you such misery

If you are subject to attacks of biliousness, if you are often liverish, if you sometimes wake in the morning with a throbbing head, aching eyes, and even the thought of a meal revolts you, here is something that will make your misery vanish like a nightmare.

In most cases like this the source of the trouble is the stomach. Its normal functions are disturbed, usually through excessive acid. The disturbance spreads and takes painful forms, undigested food makes nauseous gases accumulate, the whole digestive system is upset, and pain and misery increase.

Like thousands of other sufferers you can quickly end this misery by taking a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Its gentle laxative effect removes poison-spreading undigested food. Its perfectly balanced alkalies correct excess acidity. Your stomach is speedily in a clean, healthy condition, discomfort goes, and the nightmare of sickness and suffering is quite forgotten.

Start now to put your stomach right with MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 3/- bottles, Powder or Tablets; also new slide top tin of Tablets, 1/3.

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A REVELATION at 9d. per ounce. Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists.

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **9d** *'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets* 8d
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SECRET NEW PROCESS GIVES *more and better shaves . . . .*

Only the makers of STEAD BLADES have the special equipment for producing this perfect blade. That is why none but STEAD BLADES give quite such a swift, clean shave. These STEAD BLADES last longer too, and they still come to you in the famous WEEKLY WALLET, costing **7 FOR 6d.**

STEAD BLADES
IN THE WEEKLY WALLET

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

Send for This
FREE COOKERY BOOK
"Meals That Are Different"

DON'T overlook the unique opportunity to secure a copy of this very useful book which is offered on p. 23. You will learn original ways of cooking eggs, special suggestions for cheese dishes, new cakes, etc., and a special section on health-giving dishes to suit each season. Send for your free copy of this valuable reference book now by filling in your name and full postal address in the coupon on p. 23.

Only Since this DISCOVERY has it been possible to

END YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

—under GUARANTEE

100 Years' Medical Search Ends
Doctors KNEW years ago what had the power to end all Skin Diseases, SULPHUR. But **not one-thousandth part of that power has been usable** because ordinary sulphur cannot be absorbed into the blood stream. Now Jacob Ignatz Mrochem has perfected the first soluble sulphur and his discovery means the elimination of skin suffering. *Did you know that if it were possible for you to eat even a hundredweight of ordinary sulphur, less than a salt spoonful would be absorbed?*

FOR YEARS doctors and research specialists have been prophesying what may happen when the full power of sulphur is made available to skin sufferers. For years they have predicted that the worst skin diseases that human flesh is heir to would yield before the cleansing, purifying, anti-parasitic and tissue-rebuilding properties known to exist within it. Yet even their expectations have fallen short of actual fact now that the first soluble, assimilable and digestible form of sulphur has been discovered. Statements which, to the layman without medical knowledge, must have seemed fantastic have erred on the side of professional caution!

JACOB IGNATZ MROCHEM whose name will go down in the history of medicine as the discoverer of the first assimilable form of sulphur ever known

Most amazing of all has proved the actual time of healing. Whereas a steady but gradual improvement was anticipated, the remedial effects of this soluble sulphur in actual fact can be seen, in many cases even from day to day. So much so that for the first time it is possible to guarantee that the end of your skin disease will be in sight within a matter of a fortnight!

It matters little whether your skin troubles are of recent appearance or of years' standing, whether they are of parasitic infection or the after-effects of other illness, whether you are young or old, man or woman, this soluble sulphur treatment goes direct to the root cause—the blood—where it has never been possible to get the curative properties of sulphur absorbed before, except in the minutest quantities. The effects are so certain and the clearing so swift that an emphatic and unconditional guarantee can be given you that—

YOUR SKIN TROUBLES WILL BE CLEARING for GOOD by MAY 25 OR YOU PAY NOT A PENNY for TRIAL TREATMENT!

AFTER 13 YEARS OF PSORIASIS—WORDS SEEM INADEQUATE
". . . There is scarcely a blemish left. I have great difficulty sometimes in believing the evidence of my own eyes, it seems almost too good to be true. I can never thank you enough, words seem inadequate to express my gratitude. I can only tell the good news and wish Soluble Sulphur every success for always."
Miss E.S., *Exminster.*

SKIN TROUBLE CURED FOR GOOD
"I think I can say now that you have cured my skin trouble for good. My face and back are in an entirely different state to what they were. I thank you very much for what you have done for me."
P. J. H., *Shoreham.*

30 YEARS ECZEMA CURED
"It is now nearly eight months since my wife started with your Treatment for skin trouble which she has been a sufferer from nearly 30 years, and I am pleased to say after . . . Treatment it was gone and I am pleased to say there is no sign of the skin trouble now, it is a perfect cure."
G. C., *Smalley, nr. Derby.*

If you suffer from:
ECZEMA, PSORIASIS
LEG TROUBLE
NETTLERASH (*Urticaria*)
BARBER'S RASH (*Sycosis*)
IMPETIGO
DERMATITIS, ACNE
PIMPLES & BOILS
Post this NOW

IMPORTANT NOTE.
Following the unparalleled success of this epic discovery and its wide demand for every class of skin affliction, British sufferers will be glad to learn that adequate supplies for this country are now assured. Arrangements have been concluded whereby Jacob Mrochem's formulæ are now **MADE IN ENGLAND** under special licence and by processes that are under the direct supervision of the celebrated chemist discoverer.

HUNDREDS of medicaments no doubt have claimed your attention since the onslaught of your skin disease. Perhaps scores of them you have tried without lasting avail. But let this heartening thought give you more than fresh hope—**in not a single instance until now has it been possible to give you the full benefit of the one element which doctors, hospitals, and clinics all over the world have shrewdly realised to have the power of ending your troubles for good.** But by the genius of Jacob Mrochem, sulphur—at once the most valuable and also the most obstinate and intractable element in the whole pharmacopœia—has at last been brought within the service of human need.

His treatment, under the name of "SIBSUL" Soluble Assimilable Sulphur Treatment, is now made available to the British public. Already thousands of cases, many that had been given up as hopeless—are to-day living testimony to its success. You, too, can have a clean and healthy skin again, can see and experience the improvement which many sufferers have described as spectacular—and can do so under a guarantee that is legal and binding and does not obligate you to a penny piece until you are convinced in the only way that matters **—proof on your own body!**

In this brief announcement it is manifestly impossible to convey to you the full details of the complete "SIBSUL" Treatment. They are described in full in the treatise entitled **"The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good."** In the short time in which the latest edition has been before the British public it has brought not only the banishment of suffering, but a fuller life itself to thousands. Send the Application Form to-day and a complimentary copy will be sent you by return of post. Send now—a 1½d. stamp is all you risk.

APPLICATION FORM

To SOLUBLE SULPHUR, LTD.,
ADAM HOUSE, 60, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me free and without obligation, in plain envelope, your booklet, **"The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good,"** with full details of your guarantee as mentioned above.

NAME.....
(Please print in BLOCK Letters and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage, it will be greatly appreciated. "John Bull," 6/5/39

New Service for Readers . . . . . Conducted by "Compex"

COMPETITOR'S PARLIAMENT

● *Football Pools are over for this season. Why not let* JOHN BULL'S *fascinating competitions fill the gap?*

Big prizes are waiting to be won in our common-sense Crosswords as well as in "Bullets."

To assist you with your entries, we now provide this practical new service—Competitors' Parliament, presided over by "Compex," an expert with over twenty years' competition experience.

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

In competitions, as in life, the ladder of success is often easier to climb than one might think—provided you tackle the job in the right way.

A helping hand can make all the difference and I am sure that—if you will tell me what you think and consider the views of your fellow competitors—I can show you the way to success.

On this page I shall answer questions of general interest to competitors. Individual queries I shall be glad to answer by post, but—in fairness to other competitors—I cannot criticise your actual efforts. And now for some letters.

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Attack Of The Jitters—Helped Henpeck Sow Lawn!

FOLLOW FORM

What is the secret of success in *Bullets*? I have had one or two occasional shots, but can't seem to hit the mark. Yet I have read time and again of ordinary working men like myself winning big prizes. Why do they win, why don't I?—J. W., Plaistow.

The reason, I am convinced, is that you have been a "Hit or Miss" competitor, attracted by a bumper prize-list but in too much of a hurry to win. The successful ones are competitors of the "Stick and Win" variety. Let me explain the difference; it's simply a matter of common-sense.

Before filling up your coupons, make sure you know what the judges want. You have an infallible guide in the list of latest winning efforts.

Examine their styles closely and you will be doing just what you do in Football Pools—studying form.

And keep entering regularly. Coined words are barred in *Bullets*, but here is one which sums up the secret of success in Competitions—"Stickability."

ONE DAY MORE

There must be many competitors like myself who have to live carefully on a rigid weekly budget. For us, Thursday is by no means the best day to get the P.O. for Crossword entry-fee. Could not the Closing Date be put later in the week?—K. M. D., Liverpool.

That very problem has been solved this week. Turn to pages 36 and 37 and you will see that Friday is Posting Day for your entry for this week's huge Holiday Crossword Offer.

SIXPENCE DOES IT

I cannot afford to spend more than sixpence a week on my Crosswords. Can I possibly win a big prize with such a small entry?—Mrs. P. G., Glasgow.

Certainly you can. Just a year ago—on Friday, May 6, 1938—JOHN BULL sent a "Greetings" telegram to Mr. C. Davis, 14, Lymington Close, Norbury, congratulating him on winning £5 Monthly for Life, £350 and a Free Holiday in our 106th Crossword.

He scored this outright triumph with a single sixpenny entry; there have been many others and you can do the same this week.

PARSON WINNERS

As a church worker, I am a little dubious about going in for competitions. People might talk if I won a big prize.—Miss P. M., Eastbourne.

The fact that there are many parson "Bulleteers" and Crossworders should set your mind at rest. If you happen to be in Weymouth this summer, go to the Gloucester Street Congregational Church and you will find that the minister, the Rev. R. L. Jones, is a *Bullets* Pensioner.

"There are some very keen competitors amongst the members of my church," Mr. Jones recently told JOHN BULL.

THE TWO TESTS

Why have two possible answers at various points in prize Crosswords? It spoils all the fun if you have to toss up between RAT or CAT.—Miss V. C., Guildford.

If you think that spinning a coin will help you to score in a modern Crossword "Test," think again. The one way to success, as winners themselves will tell you, is to study the wording of each clue and select the answer which best satisfies the tests of aptness and accuracy.

DO THEY JUDGE THEM?

With all due respect for JOHN BULL, I cannot for the life of me see how every *Bullet* received can be examined carefully.—F. L. D., Swansea.

Well, I've seen the process from A to Z and I can tell you that, as undertaken in the Rules, all *Bullets* receive careful consideration from a competent staff of qualified judges. How is it done? How does the Post Office collect, sort and swiftly deliver the many letters posted each day? Simply by organising the work efficiently.

That goes for *Bullets*, too, where the judging methods are the fruits of over twenty-five years' experience. If you want to read an account by a past Cabinet Minister of how it is done, send me a postcard.

* * *

Next week I shall deal with further matters of interest in this new Competitors' Parliament feature. Meanwhile, I can recommend you to send for *Bullets Bulletin* and *Crossword Gazette*, a bright little 2-in-1 weekly published free to help you to win in JOHN BULL'S Competitions. A postcard to me will bring you the current issue post free.

Graded Guide

LIKELY home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage *on recent form*. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

Graded Guide for May 6.

		A	B	C
1	Chesterfield v. Swansea	1	x	
2	Wolves v. Sunderland	1	2	*
3	Gateshead v. Carlisle	1	x	*
4	Norwich v. Notts F.	1	x	
5	Swindon v. Torquay	1	2	
6	Charlton v. Preston	1	x	
7	Port Vale v. Clapton O.	1	x	
8	Walsall v. Cardiff	1	2	
9	Hartlepools v. Wrexham	1	x	
10	Notts C. v. Bristol C.	1	x	
11	Q.P.R. v. Southend	1	x	
12	Arsenal v. Brentford	1	x	*
13	Mansfield v. Exeter	1	2	
14	Bournemouth v. Ipswich	1	x	
15	Luton v. Coventry	1	2	*
16	Northampton v. Crystal P.	1	x	
17	Blackpool v. Portsmouth	1	2	
18	Chester v. Bradford C.	2	x	
19	Aston V. v. Middlesbrough	2	1	
20	Sheffield U. v. Tottenham	2	1	
21	Stockport v. Halifax	2	1	*
22	Leeds v. Stoke	2	1	*
23	York v. Southport	2	x	
24	Plymouth v. Southampton	2	x	*
25	Manchester U. v. Liverpool	2	1	
26	Chelsea v. Bolton	2	x	
27	Grimsby v. Everton	2	1	*
28	West Ham v. Man. C.	2	x	

Race with "Silver Ring"

A Golden (Jubilee) Sovereign?

LAST of the big Spring handicaps, and usually the best class of the series, is the Great "Jubilee," due to be run at Kempton Park on Saturday, May 6.

The "Jubilee" is one of the few big handicaps that Sir Abe Bailey has not won. He will have a strongly fancied runner on this occasion in Golden Sovereign. First time out last year Golden Sovereign won the Newmarket Stakes. He failed in the Derby, and didn't win another race last term. But he is in wonderfully good trim now, and I predict with some confidence that he will win Sir Abe his first "Jubilee."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, May 4, to Wednesday, May 10.

S K Z Y X U O G E D V B R 98 96 H N 97 J T L W 94 F 93 A I C 95 M P Q

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: D95BDYW9593 would read ARCATURE. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: XDU959328 would read LAWREEN.

—SILF—

Brand Obesity Tablets

Reduced Bust.....8 inches
Reduced Hips.....6 inches
Reduced Waist.....9 inches

Grateful lady says:—
"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12 st. to 8st. 7lb. My measurements were:—Bust 42 ins., Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. NOW my measurements are:—Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference."

HEALTH IMPROVES AS WEIGHT GOES

Whether your excessive weight is Many Stones . . . or just the first few extra pounds . . . **whether you have been burdened for years or only just commenced to "put on weight" . . . the action of "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets is just as wonderful.** It is the wise, the healthful, the SAFE way to slimness. Commence to take it to-day. You can do so with complete confidence. Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box **(You save money by purchasing the larger sizes)**, or post free by sending the price to:—THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46T) 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W. 1.
No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

Why be GREY?

HINDES HAIRTINT

Touch up occasionally with HINDES HAIR TINT of the correct shade. There is nothing to compare with this famous old preparation for preserving and restoring natural colour and lustre to faded hair. Four shades — Light Brown, Brown, Dark Brown, Black. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, 2/6 per bottle.

FREE SAMPLE
Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to
HINDES Ltd., 5 Gt. Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL
ALWAYS BACKS HIS FANCY FOR THE
DERBY

If you have a fancy for the Derby you are recommended to secure Long Odds now. Send for our latest Ante-Post Price List.

COPE'S
offer you the privacy and convenience of a CREDIT ACCOUNT.

This Book containing practically everything the punter wants to know about racing, is sent **FREE TO NEW CLIENTS** with an acknowledgment of their first commission.

RESERVATION FORM
Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopaedia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.
Name _____ Address _____ Town _____ County _____
Suggested Weekly Credit £
DAVID COPE LUDGATE CIRCUS LONDON

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS.

MAKE money, sell again. Ladies', Gent's & Children's Bargains in Drapery. Silk Stockings, Hankies, Socks, Neckties, etc. Catalogue & Guide free, worth pounds.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas St., Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 6/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burnley.

HOSIERY. Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

DRAPERS.—112-p. Illus. Spring Catlg. Post Free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest Selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. Guid. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS to Sell, every kind, for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), BIRMINGHAM.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

A MONEY-MAKING spare-time hobby. Unfailing way of earning £2-£5 per week in leisure hours—beginners welcomed. No experience or capital needed. Everything supplied free.—Write (mentioning *John Bull*) for details to Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

EMPLOYMENT.

AUSTRALIA.—Salvation Army guarantees employment farm work Youths (under 30). Training and outfit provided. Household situations Single Women. Assisted passages arranged. Monthly conducted parties.—Apply, Emigration Secretary, 103, Queen Victoria St., Ldn., E.C.4.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 837), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces. — Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 803), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply, Chambers College (Dept. 819), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering; Building; G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-49. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, prospects, etc., FREE from B.I.E. (Dept. 363), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 831), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS. Start £3 3s. weekly, rising to £578 p.a. with pension. Fine outdoor occupation. No exp. reqd. Details of openings for young men under 21 from C.C. (Dept. 807), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free book, "Salesmanship," to Dept. 19, WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINT AT HOME and Earn Pound Notes with the wonderful Adana Printing Machine. New model produces professional-like work from a neat visiting card to a full Quarto Poster. Smooth, silent-running, automatic inking action. The world's finest value in printing machines. Only £6/6 each, or easy terms. Send for the free book "Pounds from Print." For address see illustrated advert. on page 3.

TO RETAILERS AND SMALL TRADERS.

Local trade is limited, so why not SELL BY POST—the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL. GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 22, 67-69, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 62, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 8, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

GRATISPOOL—FREE FILMS for all (Standard Sizes). *John Bull* readers should cut out Gratispool's Advert. on page 3 and write for full particulars, sending 2d. in stamps only for postage and packing.

A FOLDING CAMERA for 15/-. Perfect Landscapes, Portraits, Groups, etc. Write for particulars to Sohe, Ltd. See advert. on page 3.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line.

A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 10s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "*John Bull*," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

DOUBLE-LIFE BOOTS for Working Men. Strongly made, best leather, Uskide Heels, 9/6 pair.—See Webster's Advertisement on p. 2.

BARGAIN hunters should not overlook Bolsom's two special offers on page 4. Outstanding offers are made. Fill in the coupon for free copy of latest Furnishing Bargain List.

A FREE Style Leaflet, giving full particulars, prices, etc., of the latest and best in Weathercoats for men and women can be obtained by writing to Dept. 34, Chas. Macintosh & Co., Ltd., Bridport Road, Edmonton, London, N.18. C.M. Weathercoats are smart and wonderful value. Waterproofs from 10/6. Raincoats from 21/-. Send for free Leaflet. See page 26.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko Soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon on page 23 filled in with your name and address.

FREE to Rheumatism Sufferers! Generous Free Trial packet of "Herves," which clears and expels Uric Acid from the system. Write for supply to-day, mentioning *John Bull*, to Mr. H. Lee, Colonial Importer (Dept. 41b), 3, Alfred Place, London, W.C.1. See page 32.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover for free sample of Elasto, the biomedical remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

OH WELL SHAVED, SIR!
IT'S THE
OLIVE OIL
THAT DOES IT!
Palmolive makes a clean, smooth job of every shave — and it's *kind* to tender skins! You'll find that rich olive oil lather is the most efficient partner your razor's ever had—as more and more men are finding every day!
6d. & 1/-
PALMOLIVE shaving cream
The most popular shaving cream because
OF THESE 5 POINTS!
1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

COLDS AND HEADACHES quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's Remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powder or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE. CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

A FREE Booklet on skin troubles. Here's news! The first soluble assimilable sulphur treatment for skin diseases. A free copy of a special booklet with full details of guarantee will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 23 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Soluble Sulphur, Ltd., Adam House, 80, Strand, London, W.C.2. End your skin troubles now by getting full particulars of this new discovery.

CATARRH Sufferers! Get particulars of Mr. Allan Cooper's special offer. So confident is he of the efficacy of his remedy for Catarrh, Head Noises, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness that sufferers are offered a trial under guarantee. Without cost or obligation, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Mr. Allan Cooper, 60, Strand, London, W.C.2, for full particulars of the offer.

FOR all forms of Eczema, Bad Legs, etc., Heale Brand Antiseptic Ointment heals diseased tissues and wounds readily. Write for free booklet, which tells you all about skin disorders and their modern treatment, to Dept. A., Cuxson, Gerrard & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Oldbury, Birmingham. See page 29.

GARDENING.

LOOK to your Lawn. Now is the right time to secure a Garden Scythe from Wm. Penn, Ltd. See the advertisement on page 3.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

GO GARDENING with Richard Sudell. He writes about your Garden in the May Number of "GARDENING," now on sale. Some of the contents: How to grow glorious "Show" Dahlias—How to make a Water Garden—Modern Garden Design—Sweet Scented Spring Flowers—A Garden in Dutch Style—A Country Cottage Garden—New Life for Garden Furniture—What to do in May—Greenhouse Hints—Garden Gadgets, with how-to-do-it illustrations etc., etc. 100 pages containing 25 Articles and Features, 77 Photographs, Diagrams and Drawings. Ask for the May number of the Pocket-Size "GARDENING," price sixpence.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry—but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept Poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1939 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem—that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.27, 63, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HOLIDAY CAMPS.

HOLIDAY CAMP BUREAU, 140a, Shaftesbury Av., W.C.2. Send stamp for List J of 50 selected Camps. Bookings made FREE. Tem. 4965.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Palliant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blunden's, Dept. 1239, 9, Oxford St., W.1.

THORN'S Garden Sheds and Greenhouses are easily erected. All in sections. Just bolt together—that's all. Models in Cedar or Deal. Lowest prices. From 2/- down. Catalogue free.—Thorn's (Box 23), Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

FREE Yeast supplied with each tin of Viggormalt, with which you can make home beer. Further particulars appear on page 32.

A HAPPY baby means a happy mother. An interesting book, "Every Mother's Book," can be obtained free.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.O.W. See page 33.

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 5, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. for postage. See page 34.

HOUSEWIVES, get this free book. "Meals that are Different." Simply fill in the Coupon in the Stork advertisement on page 23 and a copy of this free book will be sent to you.

FREE.—A special booklet. "Home Ownership." All Who are interested in buying a house should get a copy of this interesting booklet.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Abbey Road Building Society, Abbey House, Baker Street, London, N.W.1. See page 22.

THOUSANDS of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet and name of nearest local Corsetiere. See page 28.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 427T), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc. See page 24.

HERE'S a unique opportunity for every *John Bull* reader to try and enjoy Weetabix—the new cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Weetabix, Ltd., Dept. (J.B.6), Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 1½d. stamp. See page 23.

FREE.—A Recipe Book and particulars of "Regulo" oven heat control and new features for still better Cooking. A choice of delightful colours make the latest "New World" the most efficient and elegant Cooker for the modern kitchen. Fill in the coupon on page 23, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. 824/9), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. Full details of this method of Regulo cooking and free Recipe Book will be sent by return. Every housewife should apply at once.

SHREDDED WHEAT is always a big favourite with the wives and mothers of Britain. It is one complete food which contains all those qualities that appeal to the good housekeeping instinct of every woman. Whole-wheat goodness so beneficial to health, delicious to eat, so easy and economical to serve. If you've never tried Shredded Wheat, buy a packet to-day. 8d. per packet at all grocers. See page 18.

8 BIG ATTRACTIONS for ONE WEEK ONLY

1. BIG PENSION
2. FORTUNE IN CASH
3. 1,000-MILE MOTORING HOLIDAY
4. £250 TOTAL CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
5. UNLIMITED £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUES
6. QUICK RESULT— *ONE WEEK ONLY*
7. EACH 4TH ENTRY—*FREE*
8. LATER CLOSING DATE

£12 MONTHLY FOR LIFE PLUS

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

£100 EXTRA HOLIDAY CASH between Runners-up who submitted 8 squares or more, including 2 FREE, or equivalent on "Time-Save" Entry Sheet.

EXTRA DAY TO ENTER - *Closing Postmark* **FRIDAY**, MAY 12

WIN THIS HOLIDAY GIANT!

CROSSWORDS BANISHED HIS WORRIES

JUST a year ago a telegraph boy delivered a golden envelope to Mr. C. Davis, 14, Lymington Close, Norbury. Inside was a gay "Greetings" telegram, telling this 31-year-old Crossworder that he had won £5 Monthly Life Pension, £350 and a free Holiday.

"Never shall I forget the arrival of my First Prize Joy Wire," Mr. Davis said later. "Filling up that one sixpenny coupon brought me and my family security and banished money worries!"

Mr. Davis is one of 38 outright winners in our common-sense Crosswords who are drawing lifelong incomes from Long Acre. Make a determined effort in this week's magnificent Offer and you can secure a 3-in-1 Holiday First far greater than his. A giant Pension of £12 Monthly, an immediate Fortune of £500 and a glorious 1,000-mile Family Motoring Holiday—all these can now be yours!

Thanks to the new later closing date, you have an extra day to grasp this huge Holiday opportunity—*but make sure that your entry is posted on or before FRIDAY, May 12.*

ACROSS CLUES

1. Peruse
4. Smoking heaps of this will very likely be harmful
6. One sometimes sees a lot about this in press
8. It's nice to be given one full of good spirit
10. There's sometimes a stone one in big garden
12. Colour of this is usually considered to be attractive
14. There's often an old-fashioned engine in modern one
16. If this is going to show, you should always make it look as nice as possible
20. Long ones are not popular with average reader
21. Boat propelled with paddle
22. Groom often has special ones for riding
23. Expert cook would usually know good way of serving this

DOWN CLUES

1. Slating won't be much good if they've gone too far
2. Go astray
3. You would expect to find in nursery
5. One occasionally hears business men discussing it in the train
7. May be of vital importance in modern war
9. Men often feel that they are not at their best when they cannot get in this
11. Suit may easily be ruined by relying on one that's inaccurate
13. This of second-hand car often influences motorist who is thinking of buying it
15. May be the kind one gets with traps
16. Big ironmonger can usually offer a variety of these
17. Burn in this may well lead to damage
18. Invalid's may encourage those trying to help him recover
19. Tavern

★ Note the NEW

CLOSING POSTMARK— Friday May 12

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 2.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, May 12, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, May 13.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 25. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 30, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

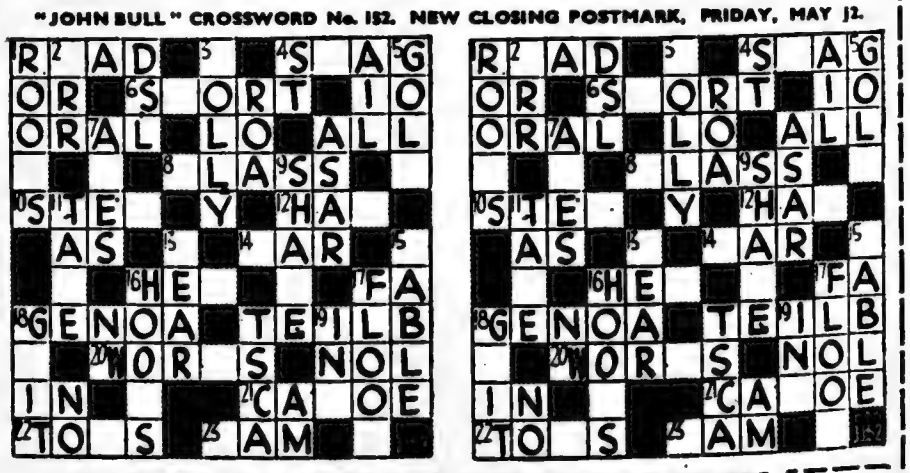
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,500 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

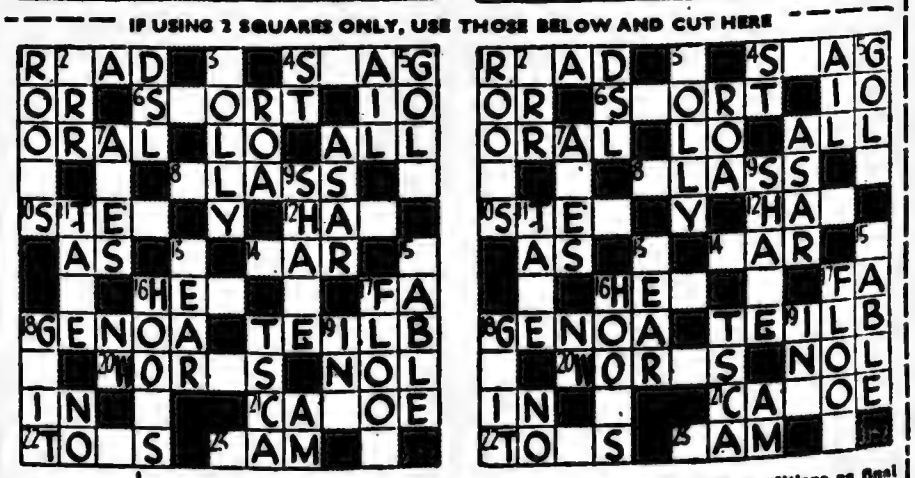
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 152. NEW CLOSING POSTMARK, FRIDAY, MAY 12.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES 6d.

4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose P.O. value.....

Signed .....

Address .....

No. .....

.....

in JOHN BULL'S MONSTER HOLIDAY OFFER!

£500 CASH AND 1000-MILE MOTORING HOLIDAY FOR YOU & YOUR FAMILY

You and up to 3 companions will tour Britain's beauty spots in a luxurious limousine—all at "John Bull's" expense.

UNLIMITED £10 HOLIDAY CHEQUES

One to every Cash winner in this Crossword No. 152 who wins any Cash Prize in next week's Contest No. 153—SEE THAT YOU ENTER NEXT WEEK ALSO

HUGE 3-in-1 FIRST PRIZE—or LUMP SUM OF **£1,500**

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES, including FREE "BULLETS."

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both Entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," cross /& Co./. Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 152, and *Bullets* No. 1,170, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner. Closing *postmark* of Saturday, May 13, allowed for such combined entries, thus providing Crosswordersers with an extra day if also entering for *Bullets*.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. or over is permitted to submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it is enclosed with and bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

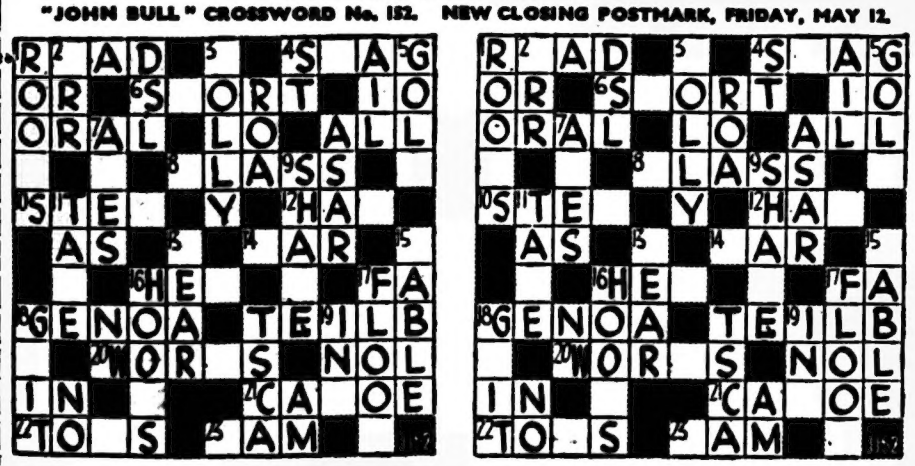
APPLY QUICKLY IF YOU NEED EXTRA SQUARES

For this Special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in the same envelope. For additional supply send at once a penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 20, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required. Supply limited, so apply at once.

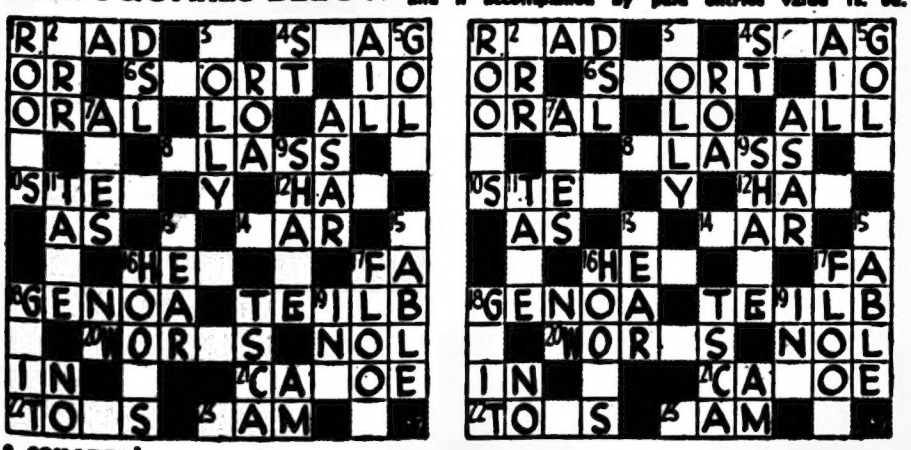
ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 152, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 152. NEW CLOSING POSTMARK, FRIDAY, MAY 12.



FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 152, and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.



6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose P.O. value.....

Signed.....

Address ..... No .....

.....

NEW HELP for "Crossworders"—See page 34

£2,100 Won In Crossword No. 149

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 149, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square were the following three competitors, who submitted entries differing at one point only from the most meritorious Sets of Answers seen on Square on right:—

A. P. BELTON, 173, Tulse Hill, S.W.2.
Miss A. BELTON, 173, Tulse Hill, S.W.2.
Mrs. A. REYNOLDS, 59, Marshall Ave., Folkestone.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £1,750, and a cheque for £583 6s. 8d. will be sent to each.

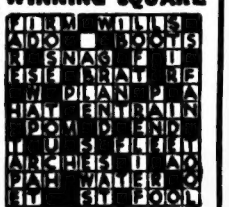
Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, May 9, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 26 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £7 13s. 11d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An additional £100 will be divided between Runners-up who submitted for this Contest 8 squares or more, or equivalent on "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet.

An Extra £50 Holiday Cash will also be divided between prize-winners whose successful entry was postmarked not later than Saturday, April 15.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point GABLE and TABLE were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with your entry the Reservation Coupon below.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS—1. FIRM. 3. WILLS. 6. ADO. 8. BOOTS. 9. SHAG. 14. HAT. 17. FOR. 18. END. 21. FLEET. 22. WATER. 24. POOL.
DOWN—1. FARE. 2. ROSE. 4. LOFT. 5. STIR. 7. GABLE or TABLE. 10. GRAND. 11. SWAP. 12. PAN. 13. PAVE. 15. TOUCH. 16. IDEA. 19. TAPE. 20. SEWN. 23. TOOL.

ACCEPT THIS £200,000 FREE AID!

IT was with a "Time-Sava" entry form from the *Crossword Gazette* that Mr. C. Davis, the outright winner you see on the opposite page, scored his big Holiday success. "Besides this quick method of entry, the *Crossword Gazette* has given me many a valuable hint," he declared.

Between them Crossworders have won more than £200,000 in prizes with the aid of this bright little weekly. Remarkable new blot-free paper makes this free guide more valuable than ever. Send for a regular supply by completing this Reservation Coupon and so set yourself on the road to a big success.

X-WORD AID COUPON

You are invited to enclose this with your Crossword entry.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on NEW BLOT-FREE "Crossword Gazette." Please arrange:—

(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.

(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply. (Cross out line which is not applicable.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 20, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

WELCOME SPRING

Feel the Glorious Urge of Springtime Fitness

Why is it that some people never share in that joyous springtime energy which normally healthy folk feel when Nature awakens from her winter sleep? The answer is "Acidity". Frequent colds, winter diet and winter habits often burden the system and the blood with harmful acid waste products.

Take 'Milk of Magnesia' to neutralize these acids and restore normal, healthy fitness and see how much more vigorous and brighter you feel. Depression, weariness, headaches, stomach and digestive ailments are relieved in a marvellous manner. The eyes grow clearer, the complexion more attractive, you feel Spring in your heart and in your step.

Start this pleasant and wonderful way to Springtime fitness today! Get either the liquid preparation or the remarkable new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

Obtainable everywhere.

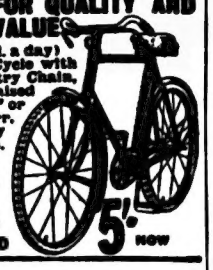
'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 *(Treble Size)*
Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/- per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Men's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:19:9 or 5/- monthly Surcharge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:0:9 Terms 9/9 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models



J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

The Editor Laughs Last

The Kid by LEES

ACTOR (Chelsea).—"I brought back from South Africa an ostrich egg as a souvenir of my tour." It just missed you?

Ma. L. (Chester). — "I make all the money I earn go as far as possible." See letter below.

Mrs L. (Chester).—"My husband invests all his savings in Australian Bonds." See letter above.

J. F. (Hove).—"I had just opened my suitcase and was exhibiting my wares when a policeman came along." And told you to pack it up?

N. V. (Dulverton).—"I am really quite a good darts player, but at the moment I am completely out of form." Your efforts go by the board?

E. K. (Tiptree).—"Now that the days are longer and the weather is warmer, courtesy cops are busy seeing that people keep under thirty." So are beauty specialists.

L. F. (Rochester).—"My wife is always pleased to see me back from work on Fridays, though she does not greet me with a kiss." She just extends her hand?

T. B. (Ryde).—"Is an Army officer's pay enough for him to live on?" It depends on the sort of mess he gets into.

DOCTOR (London, S.E.).—"I have persuaded my next door neighbour, who plays the piano incessantly all day long, to go on a cruise for health reasons." Whose health—yours or his?

R G (Cheam).—"My wife reminds me of a beautiful but delicate flower." You're lucky! Our's has a nasty habit of reminding us of the weeds and long grass.

OCTOGENARIAN (Bury).—"In my young days girls used to sit at home and do a lot of darning." But, nowadays, they go out and express themselves much more forcibly.

M. W. (Kingston).—"We may not like their methods but it must be admitted that the dictators are live wires." No wonder they give the world such nasty shocks

E. B. (Baldock).—"When I applied for the job, he told me he wanted a chauffeur who did not take any risks." And so you asked for a month's wages in advance?

AUTHOR (Hampstead).—"The heroine of my new novel is a good cook, fond of sewing and darning, never uses cosmetics and never drinks cocktails." Apart from these little peculiarities, we suppose, she is drawn from real life?

S. N. (Newbiggin-on-Sea). — "Never boast about your knowledge of anything to strangers in a railway carriage." Just imagine your feelings on finding that you had been trying to lead Mr. Middleton up the garden!

BEAUTY EXPERT (Mayfair).—"Yawning improves the lines of the face." Many thanks for your very helpful letter.

B M (Luton).—"She accepted me the first time I proposed. Did your wife accept you at the first proposal?" No; we've only ourselves to blame.

BASIL (Falmouth).—"I swore that I'd finish up the rest of the currant pudding, but I soon had to give in." Had to eat your words instead!

A. T. (Mortlake).—"I like to see a boat proceeding gracefully down a sun-lit river, don't you?" Not if we thought we had tied it up securely.

T. G. (Ely).—"I like to see happy, smiling faces round me when things are going wrong." Then we take it that you have never played golf?

MRS. G. (Henlow).—"May I remind you that germs hate Spring-cleaning." And may we remind you that we husbands hate being referred to as germs.

L. T. (Stafford).—"Some girls I know lost a night's sleep because the boys at a dance did not make eyes at them." They did not get a wink.

V. L. (Salisbury).—"Crime largely depends on climatic conditions." Although it is quite useless for a man who is charged with arson to plead that he felt cold.

P. S. (Weymouth).—"My young son does the garden in his spare time." Ours just does the garden in.

S. T. (South Coast). — "As managing director of a firm of fountain pen makers I think I am entitled to some respect, but my staff allude to me with a vulgar nickname." His Nibs?

L. B. (Clitheroe).—"As I rose to speak at the meeting, the audience hurled uncomplimentary remarks at me, so I just put on my hat." Instead of talking through it?

C. R. J. (Aldershot).—"Army life's fine, but you can't get rich on the barrack square." No, but on one of those Squares on pages 36 and 37 you can win a prize worth more than fifty years of Army pay!

W. R. (Neath).—"I propose opening a number of tearooms in Wales, and have come to London to pick up a few tips." But don't you understand they're meant for the waitresses?

JOURNALIST (Byfleet). — "I attend church regularly, which is somewhat unique in these days, I think." Perhaps that's the only place where your contributions are accepted?

F. T (Worksop).—"My small son can hear anything that is whispered within twenty yards of him." He appears to be a born gossip writer.

J. L. (Harringay).—"I want to announce my second marriage in as few words as possible. What do you suggest?" 'Under new management.'

R S G. (Oxford).—"A professor in Scotland claims he has the largest collection of moths in the world." If we hadn't cleared out our wardrobe recently we believe we should have run him a close second

C D. (Guildford).—'I am writing this letter with a most expensive pen I've just had as a present. I think it improves my handwriting immensely." We can only shudder to think what it was like before!

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EVENING CITIZEN (GLASGOW):—"Dr. J. F. H—— was in the witness-box for five YEARS yesterday . . ."

HULL SPORTS MAIL:—"'All the POVERTY taken belongs to me,' J—— said."

EVENING STANDARD:—"An IDEA of about 197 square miles in the county of Lancaster . . ."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"Without any provocation, accused struck a violent blow on E's JAM . . ."

WALTHAMSTOW GUARDIAN:—"For unlawfully keeping her shop open for the sale of CUSTOMERS."

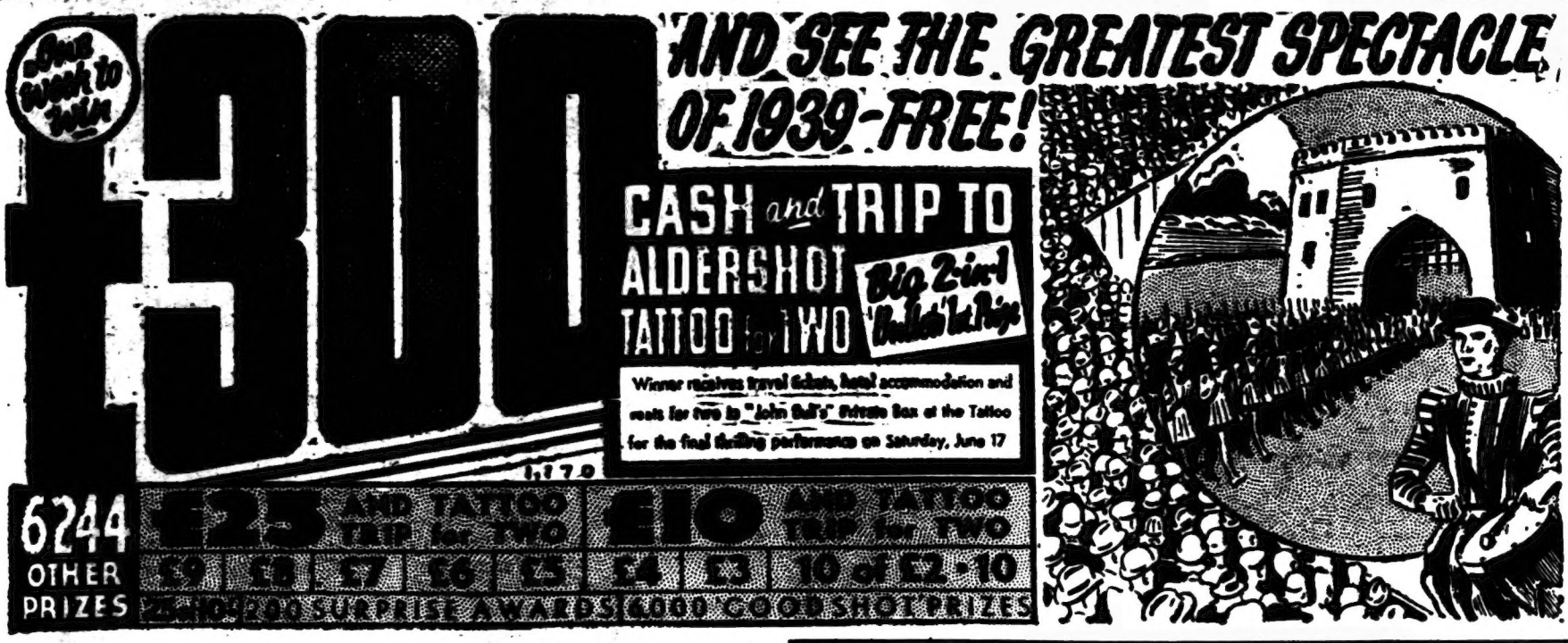
PONTEFRACT AND CASTLEFORD EXPRESS: ". . . has a suggestion in mind that should make future clashing of charity events UNAVOIDABLE."

SOUTHEND TIMES AND RECORDER:—". . . and a competition with a handsome BOY of chocolates for the winner."

THE LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"The bridesmaids were in mauve taffeta with floral headdresses, and MARRIED muffs trimmed with violets."

THE WESTERN MORNING NEWS:—"After the formal OATS had been taken, the Mayor entertained the magistrates . . ."

If you are troubled by any matter—except of course of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.


Bring a week to John
£300
AND SEE THE GREATEST SPECTACLE OF 1939—FREE!
CASH and TRIP TO ALDERSHOT TATTOO for TWO
Big 2-in-1 "Bullets" 1st Prize
Winner receives travel tickets, hotel accommodation and seats for two in "John Bull's" Private Box at the Tattoo for the final thrilling performance on Saturday, June 17
1,170
6244 OTHER PRIZES
£25 AND TATTOO TRIP for TWO
£10 AND TATTOO TRIP for TWO
£9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3 10 of £2-10
2,000 SURPRISE AWARDS 4000 GOOD SHOT PRIZES

To celebrate winning a big *Bullets* First Prize, a typical JOHN BULL reader—Mr. F. Hornby, 10, Victoria Street, Ellesmere Port, Wirral—was privileged to visit the Aldershot Tattoo with his fiancée as JOHN BULL'S guests.

"There was a vast crowd of 77,869," this "Bulleteer" recalled, "but JOHN BULL had made us comfortable in a private box. The march past of the banners of Empire, a modern battle, massed bands, physical training display, historic scenes—it is hard to say what thrilled us most."

More magnificent than ever, this year's Aldershot Tattoo can be witnessed by you and a companion as JOHN BULL'S guests if you win any of the three principal cash prizes in this week's fine *Bullets* offer.

Start to win one of these splendid 2-in-1 prizes by following these simple instructions.

HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, DAD WENT TO THE ZOO AGAIN, you might jot down *That Amused The Animals*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, DAD WENT TO THE ZOO AND—THAT MADE PANDA PONDER!

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,166th Contest on this page. Then turn to the *Examples* promptly, for your entry *must* be posted on or before Saturday, May 13.

'BULLETS' 1,166 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300 Cash—or 10-in-1 Prize as announced:

W. SWAINSTON, 12, Montrose Street, Saltburn by Sea, Yorks.

Example: WHY HE WENT
Bullet: FAR—FAIR, WITHOUT FEAR.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Miss E. ROSKELL, 12, Charlie's Avenue, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.
Example: If There's A War
Bullet: For Supremacy, *Folly* Supreme.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

J. D. McKellen, 23, Piccadilly, Hanley, Staffs.
Example: Mother's Failing
Bullet: "Pins" Tell—Needle Doesn't.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: Mrs. M. DREWETT, 119, Fairview Road, Tottenham, London, N.
Upset The Burglars—Mr. Democrat "Waking Up."

£9: Mrs. T. H. HILL, 129, Buckland Avenue, Dover, Kent.
Why He Joined—"Terriers"—Heard Dictator's "Bark."

£8: C. TRENDALL, 4, Milson Grove, Hull Road, York.
If There's A War—"Comrades' Reunion" *Nobody* Wants.

£7: N. J. FISHLOCK, 36, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Stormy Protest—Against "Encirclement"—From "Octopus"!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£6: R. W. SIMS, 74, Manchester Drive, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
Upset The Politician—Hour In Our Inn!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£5: M. GORE, 183, Kirkwood Road, London, S.E.
Laughing At The Law—Unwise—"World Court" Forming.

£4: J. R. LEE, 16, Churchfield Avenue, N. Finchley, London, N.
If There's A War—Without Russia's Help—Help!

(Continued on page 2)

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

ROUSED THE NATION
WITH ALL HER MIGHT
TO BE PREPARED
HITLER DEMANDS
THE LAST WORD
HE'S NO SCHOLAR, BUT
MAN IN THE STREET
HER HERO
ALONG CAME GRUNDY AND
CROWDED ROAD
WHEN AUNTIE VOLUNTEERED
SHOCK FOR THE DRIVER
ALL TOO SOON
SHOWING THE WORLD
HIS WEALTH
DOESN'T SAY MUCH
AT GILES'S WEDDING
END OF THE STORY
DAD WENT TO THE ZOO AND
THIRSTY MAN

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice below:
..... OF THE SWORD
..... GIRL
CIVILISATION'S .....
IF ..... STARTS
WORK FOR .....
THINK OF ..... AND

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

GOOD NEWS for "BULLETEERS" —see page 34.

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,170 and Crossword No. 152, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, May 13.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,170) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 13.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,170) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 13.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,170) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 13.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, MAY 13.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,170, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,170 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,165 will be displayed in the window of —, Massey, Market Hall, Leeds.

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, or enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,170, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

AS THE WATERS FLOW SO SHOULD THE BLOOD!

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take for example that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

A Good Circulation is the Real Basis of Health!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Everybody is asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read what users of Elasto say!

"*Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart but Elasto cured me.*"
"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad leg.*"
"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day.*"
"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"
"*The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"
"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"
"*I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic.*"
"*I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit.*"
"*I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"
"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"
Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON, E.C.1

It Acts Like Magic!

The Wonder Tablet!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, the Great Blood Revitalizer, cures through the Blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

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S.B.No. 4530. *Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.*

Elasto will save you pounds!

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